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THE SPHERE, MAY 2, 1942
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Vol. CLXIX No. 2206 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 2 1942

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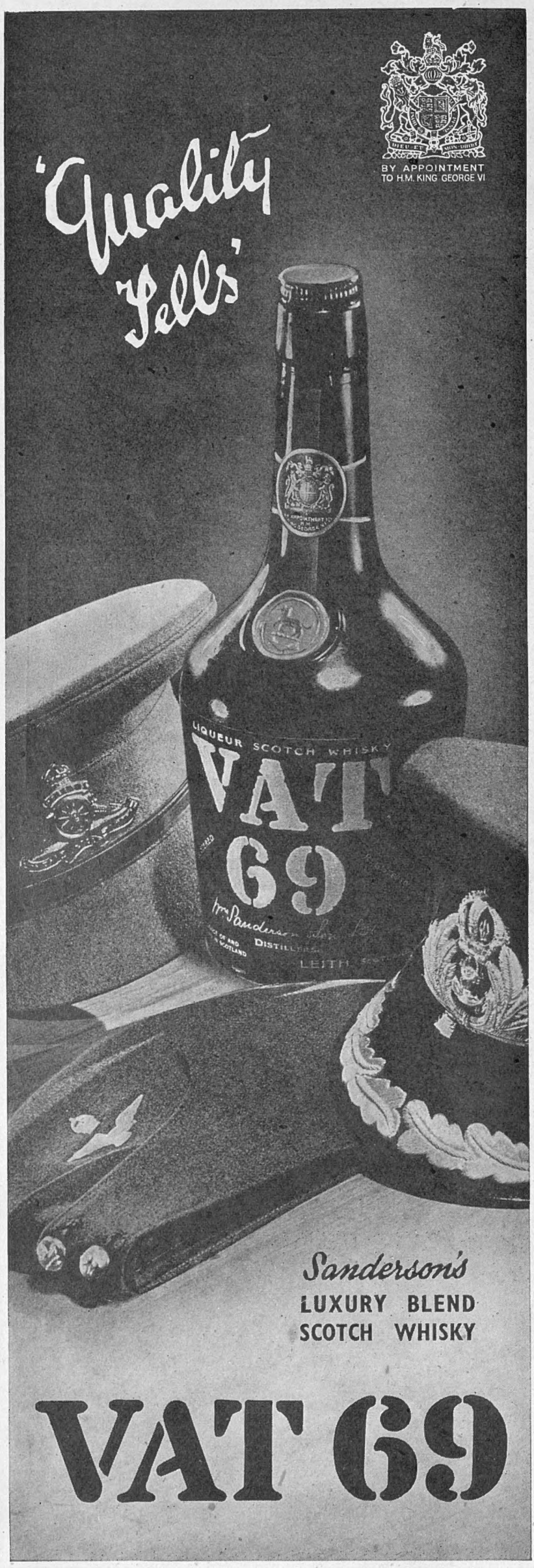

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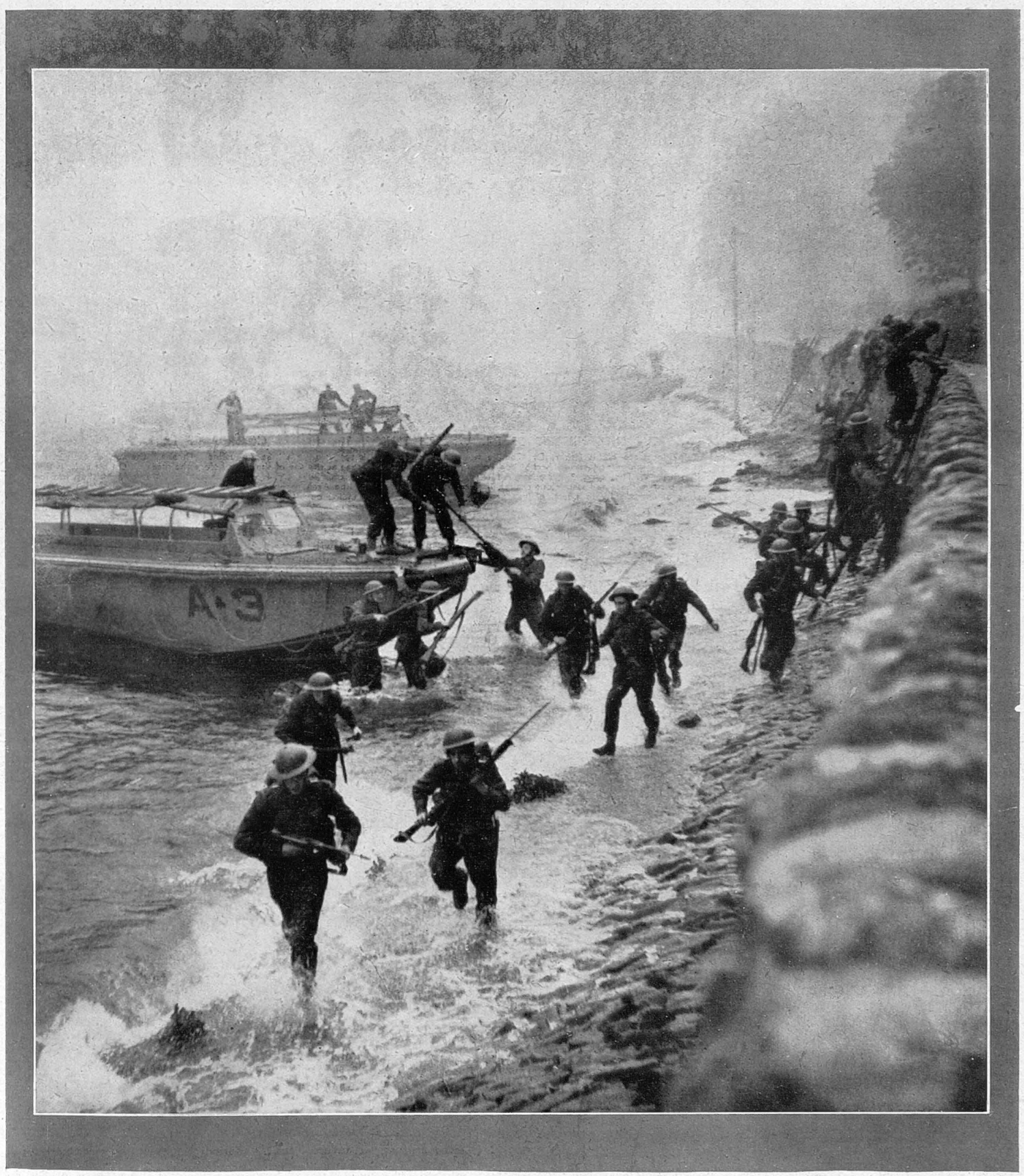
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, May 2, 1942



ATTACK IS NOW THE ORDER OF THE DAY! TROOPS IN THE SCOTTISH COMMAND DEMONSTRATE THE NEW IDEAS now being put into practice throughout the British Army. This picture, showing Landing Exercises, was taken during the King's recent visit

Recent events have demonstrated how the new ideas in offensive tactics have been applied by the British Army. The raids at Bruneval, St. Nazaire and Boulogne—small by comparison though they were—are an earnest of what may yet come to the enemy at any point along the Occupied coast. All branches of the Army are being trained to-day to think, and act, along offensive lines; and the old idea of defence is quickly giving place to the new idea of attack! During a recent visit paid by the King to the Scottish Command, his Majesty witnessed many scenes like the above: the men in the picture are seen landing from special craft under cover of a smoke-screen, and are scaling the land defences for an assault on an enemy position. Special craft, special arms, special training—all will tell when the proper moment comes to transform the rehearsals into reality!

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 139

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Laval.—The next few weeks should show us how much reliance was to be placed in the mass of evidence, released from time to time, that the vast bulk of Frenchmen in France were praying for an Allied victory, detested the Germans more than their fathers did and always have done, and, above all traitors and quislings, loathed Laval and Darlan. That the average Frenchman's view of Pétain should be colourless rather than strongly-tinged is natural. The old man is very old indeed, having reached a "fond old age." If he has blotted his copybook in senility, there were fair pages in it, and excuses for senility. But Laval, the man who made politics pay, the man known and detested as an opportunist, a cheat, a fraud, and a traitor far back in the days of so-called peace, the prototype of all that was foulest in the foulest era of France's rotten political monopoly ring. . . . This man to have the honour and destiny of tortured France under his thumb and in his pocket. It is surely safe to say that not the meanest, most cowardly, most peace-at-any-price-craving Frenchman in France but would risk something to show his loathing of Laval, and resist by a gesture at least the most disguised and sweetly reasonable proposal made by this Judas, designed to make France (*France !*) one with the small fry of jackals, Rumania, Bulgaria. Could indignity fall lower than that ? . . . to follow, like a flock of sheep, a man of Laval's record to an underworld so shameless, so shameful, so dingy and so mad.

Tokyo Bombed.—Few items of news gave me more satisfaction than the Japanese admission that Tokyo had been bombed. No doubt the late Japanese secret agent to St. James's was quite right in calling the raid a midge-bite compared with any of the major raids which London endured in 1940-41. But it was an earnest and a beginning. A beginning of what ? There is only one way of teaching (and to-day only one race which needs to be taught) the tremendous lesson that war is not romantic except in retrospect or in theory. The common peoples of every other nation to-day and at last have bitterly learned it, and we have good evidence to prove that nothing did more to convince the Germans than the very few raids we early made on Berlin at the height of Germany's confidence and triumph—raids which we no longer indulge in, no doubt for good reasons. *I* thought war romantic when as a boy I read of battles long ago and played with soldiers. I thought so even at the age of twenty-eight, when I fretted to be off to Flanders and feared that the war would end before my unit got there. We got there, and in the next 3½ years I had quite enough opportunities to form a different opinion about war. There is only one clear advantage to be seen in the unspeakable barbarity of modern war: there are *no spectators*. It hits every man, woman and child. No certain, no long, chance remains for anyone to suck a loathsome stimulus from the "excitement" of war as a spectator, out of reach of danger (as, in the War of 1914-18 even, many folk in England managed to suck it). There is only one way; and for Japanese conversion it is a long road still. But a beginning has been made When the bombs begin to whistle down on a sleeping city, then the bottom falls out of the cup of romance, and war is seen for what it is, the final proof of human imbecility, the shining example of mortal disaster. What Berlin learned yesterday, Tokyo will learn to-morrow. It is a beginning and, if only humanity can retrieve the power of memory, a beginning of the end for the romantic idea of war.

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF DR. WILLIAM TEMPLE, THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

Following in the footsteps of his father, Dr. Temple was, on April 23 last, enthroned as the ninety-sixth Archbishop of Canterbury in Canterbury Cathedral. The ceremony assumes an even greater significance in times such as these and stands out challengingly as a symbol of the continuance of Christianity in a land of free peoples. The Primate is seen seated in "St. Augustine's Throne," the ancient chair of Purbeck stone at the top of the steps before the screen. On his right is the Dean of Canterbury Dr. Hewlett Johnson. The new Archbishop was installed by the Archdeacon of Canterbury, the Ven. T. K. Sopwith, who is seen standing on his left

Lord Hankey on Forecasts.—A few men in history—a very few—have been immortalised by the application of distinctive adjectives wedded to their surnames. The *pious* Æneas, the Black Prince, the *judicious* Hooker, single-speech Hamilton, William Rufus, Albert the Good, Edward the Peacemaker. Often, but not always, the adjective or qualification-word implies merit, and not contempt or ridicule, and it is a rare distinction. Among our contemporaries Lord Hankey is in a fair way to join the distinguished band. He is seldom mentioned nowadays without a reference to the immensity of his experience in war strategy and in Government procedure. Therefore when the *experienced* Hankey speaks, "he is Sir Oracle . . . let no dog bark." The other day he gave in the Sunday Press his opinions on *Criticism in War*. They were much to the point, but he allowed himself once to stray away from the main argument, and this was his *obiter dictum*: "Responsible Government representatives should avoid forecasts, boastful or otherwise, of forthcoming operations, and as to the future output of war material. . . . In any event, prophecies are liable to be upset by the fortune of war, which, as recorded by military historians from the earliest times, is always fickle. . . . Even forecasts about supply, which at first sight appear to be a matter of simple mathematical calculation, are unwise, as all sorts of unexpected factors may arise, such as unforeseen delays in the completion of factories, or of their communications, or of the houses of the workers, or of the water supply. Their operation may be slowed down by delays in the provision of skilled labour, essential machinery, or raw material, owing to industrial trouble or enemy action at sea. Or some new belligerent—as in the case of Italy, Japan, the U.S.S.R., or the United States of America—may appear on the scene and upset all previous calculations. To arouse hopes that are not fulfilled is to play the enemy's game, for his 'war of nerves' thrives on the contrast between promise and fulfilment."

Lest We Forget.—I am sure no SPHERE reader will expect me to find excuses for quoting the passage in full, albeit some (with memories) may complain that they have often read the same argument in the *Newsletter*, expounded, of course, with less skill and much less authority. The warning hitherto has passed unheeded by those to whom it is addressed, Statesmen and Ministerial small-fry and, above all, military leaders, who have less experience than politicians in the art of saying nothing but implying much. Lord Hankey regards Mr. Roosevelt as the Past-Master of this "Press-Conference technique," and perhaps he is. The British have not proved very masterly in it, and our pundits have totally disregarded, since the war began, our well-meant warnings of the risks of boasting and telling the people of the good time coming and the progress made in war inventions and war supply—by mere undergraduates in that master-art. My last conclusion on the whole matter is this: What agony of mind the experienced Hankey must have endured week after week since war began. May his tardy warning at least reduce henceforth his wartime mental torture. *Lest we forget*—Kipling, you will recall, put it in a nutshell years ago.

An Author's Reputation. Recently I was mildly castigated by the son of a well-known and well-loved author, for criticising one aspect of his father's workmanship. Now, I sympathise in any son's taking up cudgels on his father's behalf, and if he strike hard, he does honour to his piety. Well and good. But where the criticism (high or worthless, it matters not) is directed against the author's craft, as opposed to his private character, I very much question whether the blow is worth striking in defence. (Personally, I have never answered any criticism made about my own books in the Press. The only inducement to do so would be the resulting free publicity, and that I have hitherto resisted.) The test of an author's merit is whether or no he is read So long as his books continue to be devoured, he is an immortal and impregnable. Books are written to be read When they cease to be read, they cease to be *books* and become paper and cardboard (for salvage). You say: What about Trollope ? Did Trollope cease to be a novelist of merit during his eclipse ? One may answer *that* in two ways—yes and no. Yes. He is not an "immortal" in that he does not appeal to *every* generation. No. His immortality (such as it is) must be judged on the long view. His books have never died. He was not dead, but dormant in the years between his death and our own day. Literary criticism is not what it was, and hasty judgments and reckless opinions are all day long being spoken and printed. But (in my view) the most authoritative and slashing criticism of an author's work is as powerless as the petulant sting of a Grub Street midge to harm that author whose books still sell. The play 's the thing. With every craftsman in his public capacity, the accent is on the first syllable. The man is his book in the public eye. In the eyes of his family and his friends his book may be the man.

Summer in April.—There is much to be said for staging the English summer (of "a few fine days and a thunderstorm") as early as April. When it comes so soon after a hard, black and dark winter, it finds us more responsive than at any other time of the year to the magic of transformation and the change to warmth and colour. When the fine-weather spell is deferred until late May, even by that time desire is failing and satiety creeping in, as the density of greenery approaches with high summer. But given the ideal of May weather in mid-April, then indeed we are in a posture, at least in normal times, to enjoy to the full the supreme blessings of existence, when the tenderest green flushes on birch and larch and chestnut, when spring weds summer, and all the riot of bird-song and blossoms, distinctive of March, April and May, come roaring and blazing and dancing together out of the pent-house of winter. And with all our trials, anxieties, griefs, dangers and preoccupations, I can lay my hand on my heart and declare that I have found solace and even enjoyment in our (late ?) summer of 1942. THE OLD STAGER

WHAT THE R.A.F. DID TO LUBECK

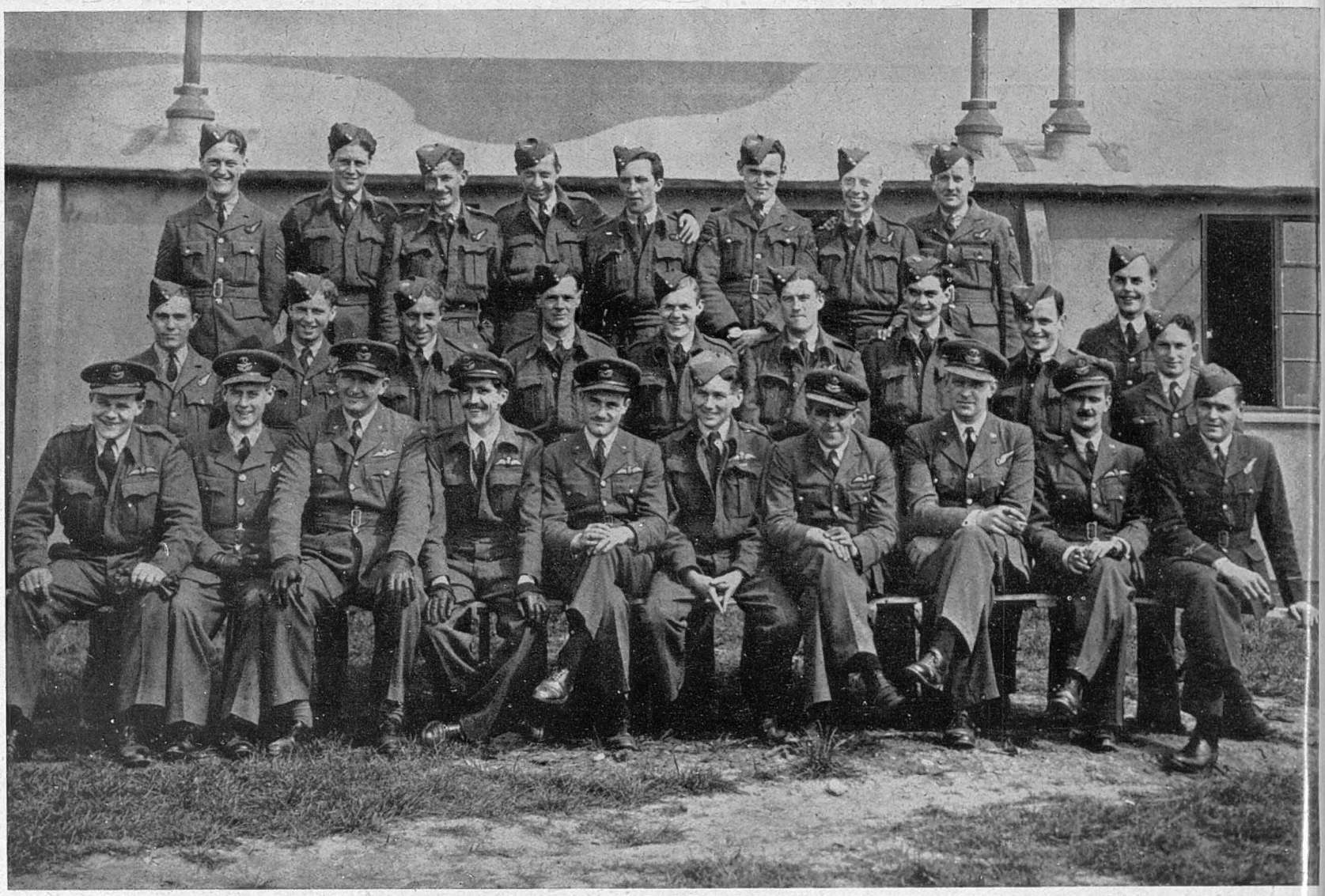
An Air Ministry official photograph, taken after the fires had died down, showing the terrific damage wrought by the bombers

Lubeck is the great Hanseatic port in the Baltic which lies to the north of Hamburg. On the night of Saturday, March 28, it was heavily attacked by a strong force of R.A.F. bombers. This picture (an official Air Ministry photograph) shows part of the extensive damage inflicted on this occasion. Lubeck lies on an island, where the inner town had a population of 35,000. Over 200 acres of this, or nearly 40 per cent., are now completely devastated; whilst in the suburbs of the city and in the industrial areas outside the island there is also very heavy damage. Close inspection of the photograph will reveal large areas of roofless buildings—the result of fire: it has been estimated that 1,500 houses within this area have been destroyed. In fact, the whole region is so severely gutted that it is almost impossible to distinguish the damage caused by blast from high explosive bombs! Row after row of houses have been left with only their walls standing: they line whole streets like open boxes to the sky. Though the photographs were taken a fortnight after the attack, some of the streets are still choked with debris and are impassable. The Germans have admitted the heaviness of the raid, and it is known that a considerable portion of the population from the inner town has had to be evacuated. The picture reproduced here shows a section of the centre of the city: it shows an area of destroyed or damaged buildings stretching over 1,500 yards—nearly a mile. Within this area the Central Electric Station, the Market Hall, and the Reich Bank are all completely gutted, amongst others.

THIS REVEALING PICTURE SHOWS A SECTION OF THE CENTRE OF THE CITY: It was taken from a great height by a reconnaissance aircraft of the R.A.F.

ATTACK BY AIR AND BY LAND:

The R.A.F. Batter the Ports of Lubeck and Rostock on the Baltic, and the Skoda Works; and the Army Carry Out a Commando Raid on the Occupied Coast near Boulogne

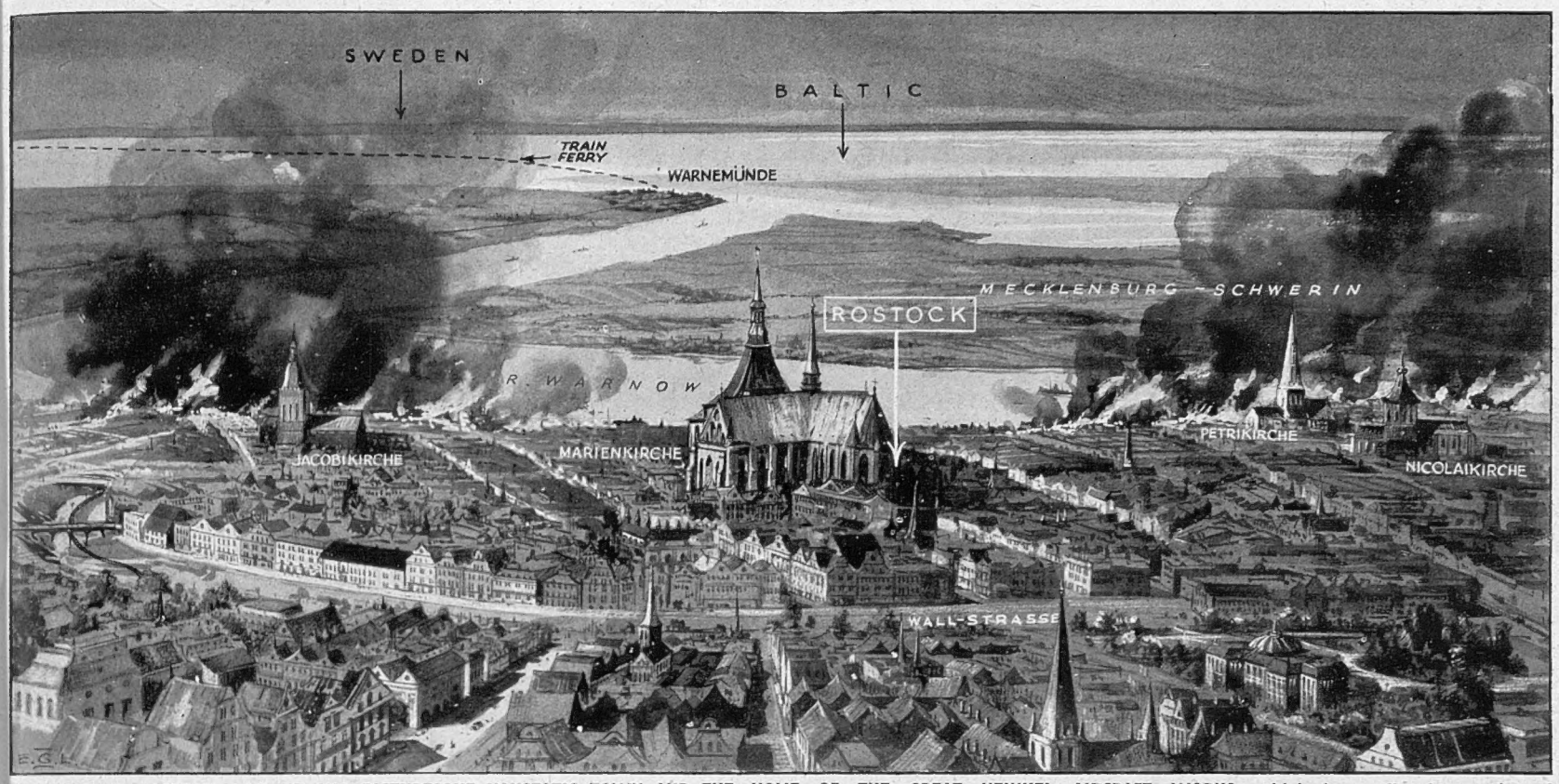


MEN OF THE TWO FORMATIONS OF TWELVE LANCASTER BOMBERS WHO TOOK PART IN THE GREAT RAID ON AUGSBURG

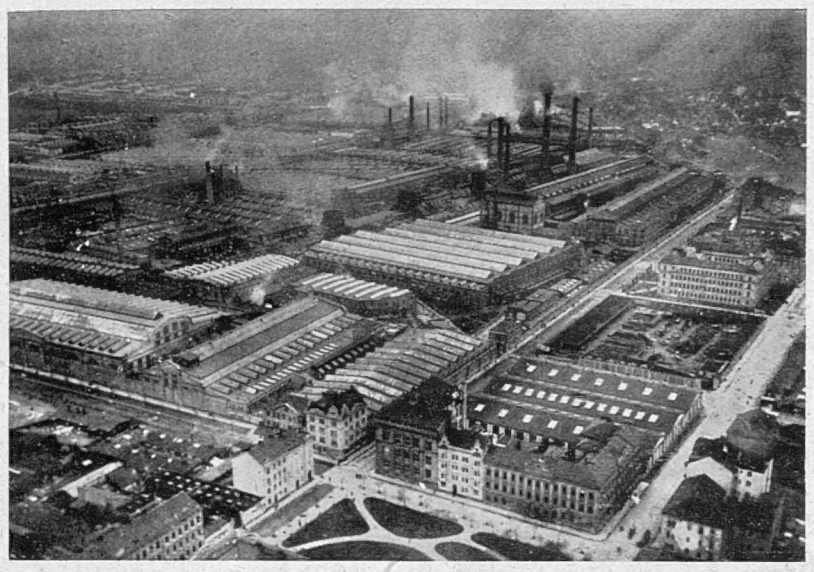
Squadron Leader J. D. Nettleton, who led one of the formations of six bombers, has been awarded the Victoria Cross for his part in the raid: here are others of the crews, some of whom have also been decorated, after their safe return. From left to right, in the back row, are—Sergeant T. H. Goacher, of Manchester—awarded the D.F.M.; Sergeant Merralls; Sergeant Crisp; Sergeant J. T. Ratcliffe, of Edmonton, Alberta—D.F.M.; Sergeant D. L. Overton, of Bilston, Staffs—D.F.C.; Flight Sergeant Ellwood; Sergeant R. P. Irons, of Walthamstow—D.F.M.; and Sergeant Hebdon. In the centre row are—Sergeant Henley; Sergeant Cummings; Sergeant Jones; Sergeant Broomfield; Sergeant Devine; Sergeant K. O. Mackay, of Sydenham—D.F.M.; Sergeant Cooper; Flight Sergeant Keane; Flight Sergeant B. G. Louch, of Bentley, Hants—D.F.M.; and Sergeant Tales. Seated in front are—Pilot Officer Colquhoun; Pilot Officer Cutting; Pilot Officer Friend; Flight Lieut. R. W. Hallows, of Chester—D.F.C.; Flying Officer E. E. Rodley, of London—D.F.C.; Flight Lieut. D. J. Penman, of Edinburgh—D.S.O.; Pilot Officer E. A. Deverill, D.F.M., of Gillingham—D.F.C.; Pilot Officer Butler; Pilot Officer G. C. Hooey, of Trenton, Ontario—D.F.C.; and Pilot Officer E. L. Ifould, of Sydney—D.F.C.

ATTACK BY LAND: THE COMMANDO RAID ON THE OCCUPIED FRENCH COAST NEAR BOULOGNE—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The above drawing is an impression of the scene when our Commando forces under Major Lord Lovat carried out their gallant raid near Boulogne—surely one of the most strongly-held beaches in the whole of the enemy's possession! "While we were off the beach," wrote a special correspondent accompanying the party, "searchlights flickered nervously. The Nazis were showing signs of disquiet. As we advanced we could hear whistling, but instead of being met by withering machine-gun fire, the Commandos covered the several hundred yards to the safety of the sand-dunes at the top of the beach without incident. Then there was action. It was the naval forces of light craft which had brought them on this job. They were engaged by a German flak ship and smaller craft. The Commandos were getting on with their assignment very quietly. To their surprise, all the fireworks came from the sea." The Germans were so engrossed that the Commandos had swept across the sand and were at the beach wire before they met machine-gun fire. As it dawned on them that a raid was being made, the Germans fired a shower of Very lights. They went up right and left; but by this time the British force was well and truly at work!



THE PORT OF ROSTOCK, ANCIENT AND PICTURESQUE HANSEATIC TOWN AND THE HOME OF THE GREAT HEINKEL AIRCRAFT WORKS, which has suffered a series of devastating raids from a terrific concentration of the biggest and best bombers of the R.A.F. This drawing shows the town and its docks on the River Warnow and the view across Mecklenburg-Schwerin to Warnemunde on the Baltic—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



THE GREAT SKODA WORKS AT PILSEN, IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA, have also been bombed by a force of Stirlings—a round flight of 1,400 miles

THE BALTIC HANSEATIC PORT OF ROSTOCK

on after the raid on Lubeck came the ws of the attacks on Rostock. This wn, with a wartime population of over 5,000, has a ring of armament factories ll round it—chief of them being the Heinkel factories, a huge plant covering a area almost as large as the old town itself. For nights on end the town and its factories and docks were subjected to a hammering which must have shaken all Northern Germany. Rostock is even farther east than devastated Lubeck by sixty miles

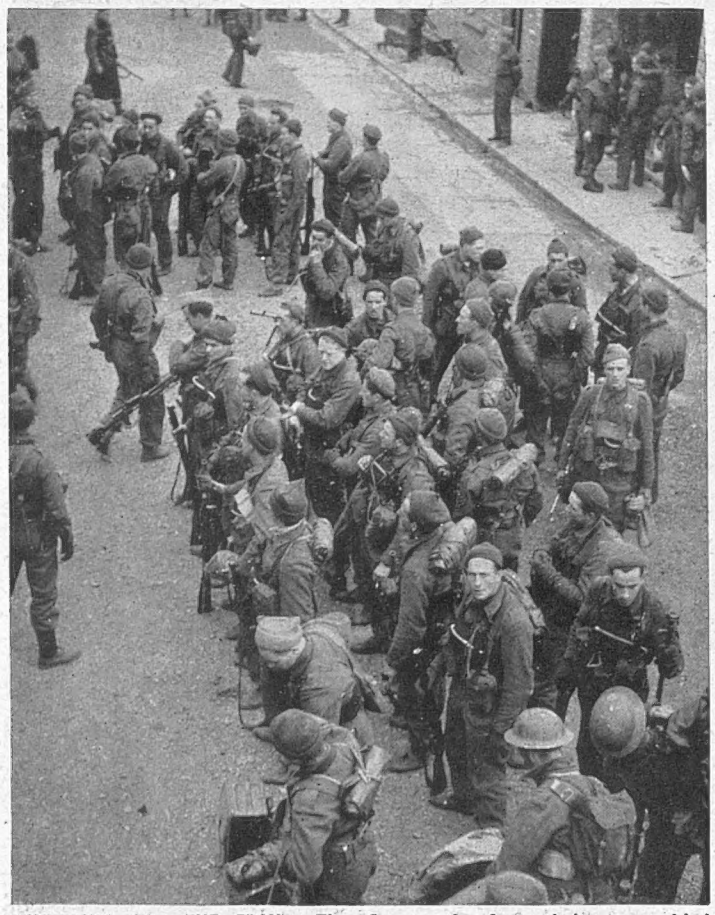
On right—**LUBECK UNDER ATTACK: The scene in the very heart of the Inner Town, the Market Place, during the R.A.F.'s first big raid on this important German centre**—*Drawing by Percy Home*

On page 131 of this issue we give an official picture of Lubeck after attack by the R.A.F. In the very centre of that picture is a white patch. That is the site of the Market Place, where the Town Hall (on the right) formerly stood. Town Hall, Market Hall and Reichsbank were all gutted during the raids by the R.A.F

THE COMMANDOES WHO PIERCED THE CHANNEL DEFENCES

Pictures Taken Before and After the Commando Attack on the Occupied Coast near Boulogne, when a Force Under the Command of Lord Lovat Penetrated the Enemy's Defences over a Frontage of Half a Mile

THE LEADER OF THE COMMANDO FORCE, MAJOR LORD LOVAT (on right), gives his orders to the officers before setting out on the raid. During the operations Lord Lovat wore the bonnet of his own Lovat Scouts: fifty-three Regiments were represented in the force



MUSTERING FOR THE FRAY: The Commando force being assembled on the South Coast for the attack on the Boulogne coastline

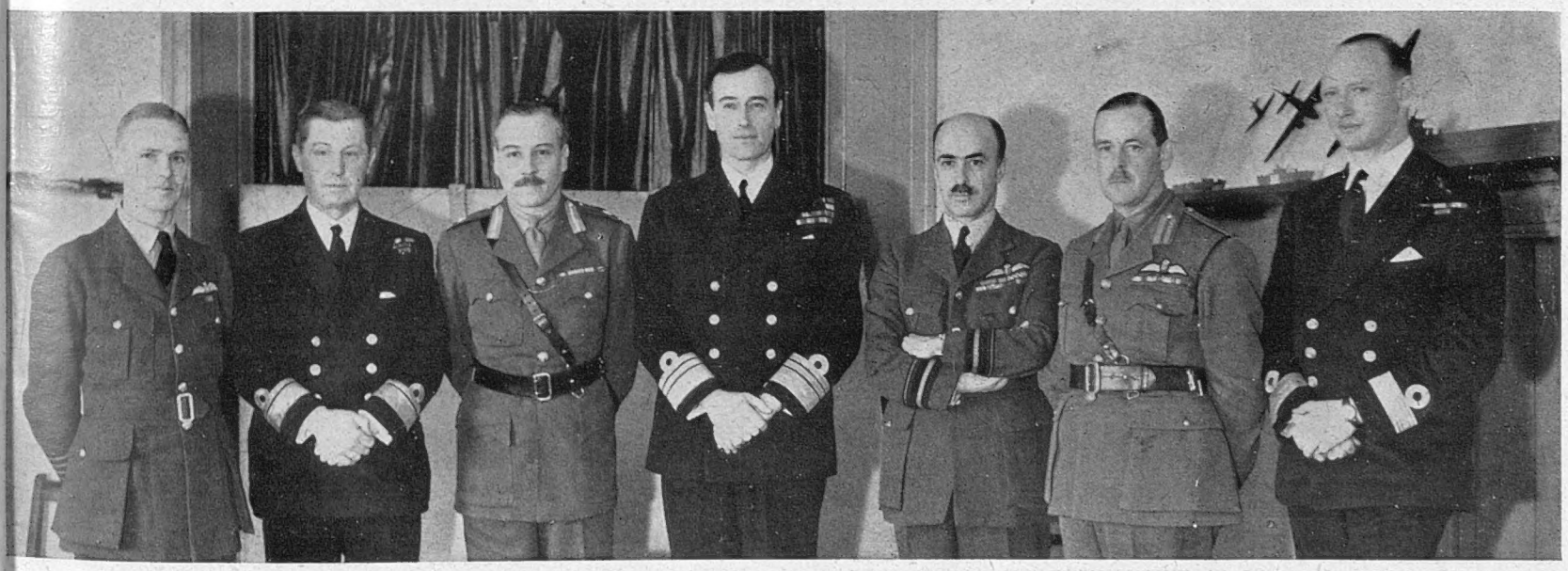
THE MEN WHO DID THE WORK: Some of the raiding force marching down to the quayside to embark for the French coast. Note the very complete offensive equipment carried—"coshes," knives, rifles, tommy guns and others. Many of the Commandoes now have a considerable knowledge from first hand of this kind of work

THEY CAME BACK FROM FRANCE: With blackened faces (for night ops.), wearing light shoes and still carrying some of their arms

The stretch of coast near Boulogne is one of the most strongly fortified of the whole French coast. Early on the morning of the 22nd (eve of St. George's Day and twenty-fourth anniversary of the Zeebrugge Raid), a Commando force, led by Major Lord Lovat, carried out a reconnaissance raid near Boulogne, and for two hours dominated the situation over a frontage of 800 yards. The defenders were taken completely by surprise, the Commandoes being able to sweep across the beach before meeting the enemy's machine-gun fire. Communications were cut by our patrols and German reinforcements were thus unable to be called up. After two hours on strongly-held enemy territory our forces withdrew—every man being brought back, with his weapons

MEN DRIVING OFF TO THEIR QUARTERS for a well-earned bath and meal after their return from France. Every man was withdrawn at the conclusion of the raid—*and every man brought back his weapons*

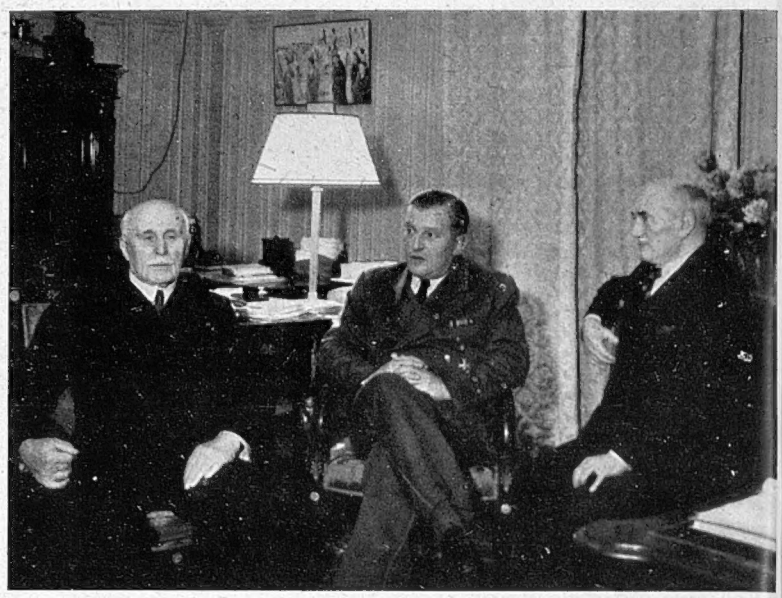
THIS IS HOW THE MEN CAME BACK: Many of these men took part in the first Lofoten raid a year ago, and most of the naval personnel had participated in the Bruneval radio-location raid two months ago



THE CHIEF OF COMBINED OPERATIONS and his staff, who are planning and co-ordinating the British Commando raids

This picture was taken only a short while before the Boulogne raid took place, and just after the Prime Minister had announced that Lord Louis Mountbatten was the "Chief of Combined Operations." At the age of forty-one, Lord Louis is the youngest British officer in High Command; further, he holds the three ranks of Vice-Admiral, Lieut.-General and Air Marshal. He it was who planned and brought off the raids on Vaagso, Bruneval and St. Nazaire; he is a cousin of the King. From left to right in this picture are the following—Group Captain A. H. Willetts, D.S.O.; Rear-Admiral H. E. Horan, D.S.C.; Major-General J. C. Haydon, D.S.O., O.B.E.; Chief of Combined Operations—Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten; Air Vice-Marshal J. M. Robb, C.B., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C.; Brigadier G. E. Wildman-Lushington (Royal Marines); and Commodore R. M. Ellis, D.S.O.

"WE, PHILIPPE PÉTAIN . . ." The new French Prefects take the oath—not to France, but to the Marshal Pétain! All who were not adherents of Vichy were not allowed to continue in office. As M. Carles, Prefect of the Nord, takes the oath, Admiral Darlan stands on the Marshal's right; and M. Pucheu on his left



PÉTAIN, ABETZ AND DARLAN IN AMITY IN VICHY: Otto Abetz was once ordered from France, but he returned to Paris as Hitler's Ambassador. This picture was taken during a recent visit to Vichy by the man who arranged for the return to power of Laval

. . . . AND SO VANISHED PÉTAINIA!

"Twilit Land of Penance and Unreality," Created by a Man Who has Now Handed France Over to the Unspeakable Laval. Some Details from the Last Authentic Report on Pétain in Action

By FERDINAND TUOHY

HISTORY books will dedicate a special chapter to the twenty-two months which terminated when Marshal Pétain announced Laval as Head of the Government. For, whatever else is in store for France, it is the end of what the French themselves used to call "Pétainia," that twilit land of penance and unreality, which many could not resist smiling at even through their tears, and which the Marshal wished upon France along with his armistice. Pétain retains some nominal authority, because Laval aspires to use the old man's prestige.

Laval places the old Marshal in his armchair at the Villa Sevigné at Vichy and allows him to dream his dreams. He does and orders obeisance to "We, Phillipe Pétain." But it is unlikely that he will allow Pétain far beyond his reach—he was outfoxed on a memorable occasion by the old fellow—and in room of the Hindenburgian paternalism with which Pétain more or less chloroformed large sections of the public there will be introduced a crude and harsh totalitarianism. In fact: *Adieu, Pétainie!*

It so happens that I have here the last authentic report on Pétain in action, a report just reached this country, compiled by one who was of the Marshal's entourage. As an *hors-d'œuvre*, is it not strange to reflect that the Marshal Pétain of the last phase, who meant such a load of mischief and misery for France, sprang essentially from the Doullens meeting of the Supreme War Council of March 1918, which made Foch Generalissimo? Pétain, a vain, jealous soldier, forgave neither Foch for overtaking him, nor the British for putting forward Foch. From that day on, he developed a dual ambition: to outshine Foch by soaring politically, and to get his own back on England.

Alas, he developed another trait which was to prove worse than either: an inferiority complex before the Germans. Because Foch cancelled most of Pétain's orders, which, Clémenceau and Poincaré agreed, were defeatist and would have brought disaster, Pétain decided that the Allies were under a delusion in saying they had won the war (by other methods than his, Pétain's!). He repeated for years that it wasn't the Germans but the Allies who had been militarily beaten, if saved numerically, and at the last gasp by the Americans. It was only a step from this notion to accepting the right of Germany to govern Europe, with France adjusting herself to that circumstance.

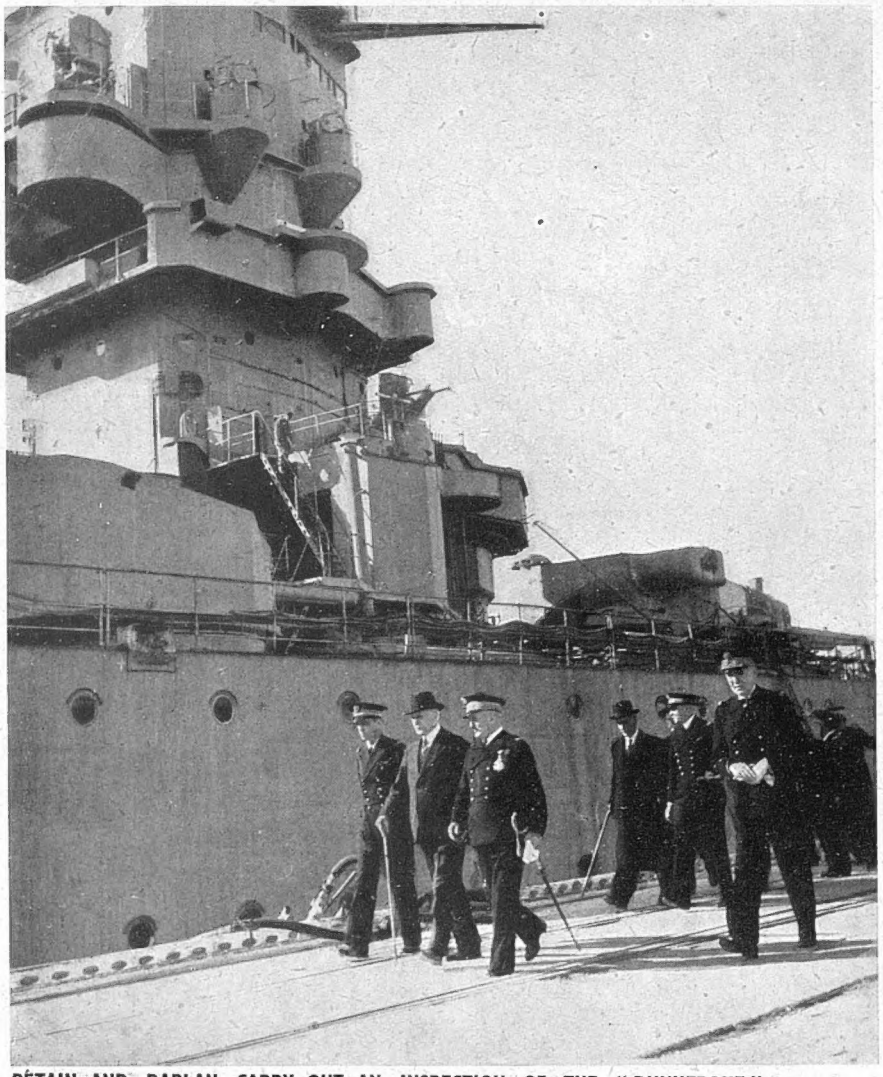
THE MARSHAL "SIGNS THE LABOUR CHARTER": On the left is Colonel Gaston Cebe, who is stated to be principally responsible for defining the position and status of Labour in modern Vichy France

Pétain never intended France to fight this war, and his whole effort was devoted to bringing about an armistice at the very first opportunity, no matter who was sacrificed thereby. "The armistice was his" (writes my authority), "and if it was to appear justified, Germany had to defeat Britain. To justify this attitude, based on the simple fact that Pétain and his team refused to admit they had been mistaken on the vital point of British resistance, a complicated system, practically an historical philosophy, was built up. This system tended to prove to the French that their defeat was in reality a blessing, and was not in any case a defeat for the real France, but for that usurper from the Revolution of 1789, whose life had been marked by a sequence of disasters and by great national suffering. Pétain adopted this philosophy with 'his eyes of a child in the head of an old man,' as Otto Abetz remarked to me after the Montoire meeting.

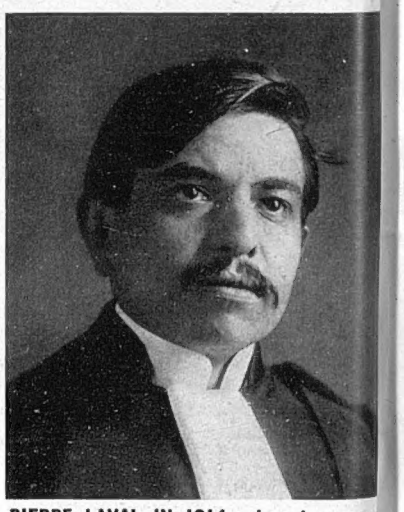
"This old man on the edge of the grave really thought he was holding France and the Empire together. He dreamed of recreating the *ancien régime* of Louis Quatorze, and went about it by installing the same trio at the head of affairs as in that absolute epoch: monarchist, church and military dominance."

Just as if Voltaire and the French Revolution had never come to pass! As simple as that! Nor can it have been mere coincidence that political admirals such as Darlan and several of his ilk came to be among the most damaging influences to France as a result of enjoying the patronage of the self-imagined, reborn Sun King. Political admirals did like damage under Louis XIV. Pétain actually had his speeches made to read in the same sort of language as that monarch might have used. Take this example, addressed to the State Councils on their doing obeisance to "We, Phillipe," etc., last year:

"You are my councillors with mission to assist me in all matters where I judge it opportune to



PÉTAIN AND DARLAN CARRY OUT AN INSPECTION OF THE "DUNKERQUE": This vessel, repaired after the severe damage she suffered at Mers el Kebir, was brought back to Toulon some little time ago. She is now ready for sea again. For a long time the French Fleet was one of Vichy's principal bargaining items in her negotiations with the Germans: but, under Laval, France will be *told* if and when the enemy wish to take over the *Dunkerque* and the other French naval vessels. There will be little bargaining!



PIERRE LAVAL IN 1914, when he was an ardent Socialist of the very Left Wing

consult you. . . . Whatever the circumstances may be, you have to pronounce either for or against me. . . . *Je veux* a more just repartition of agriculture. . . . *Je veux* prosperity and order. . . . In my paternal attitude I think of all. . . . *Je veux* moral reform. . . . I shall guide you. . . . For the grandeur of the régime which I propose to erect, *Je veux* that you bring regularity into affairs. . . . Gentlemen, I await your oath."

That from the son of a small commercial family of St. Omer is on the funny side, especially when it is added that at the age of fifty-eight Pétain found himself about to be retired as an entirely unknown colonel. Unhappy day for France when he was fished out, since it has even been established (through Poincaré's memoirs) that the so-called Victor of Verdun actually wanted to give the fortress up. I resume:

"Objectively to define the character of Pétain, it is necessary to remember him as he was before the events of June 1940: a man with a certain talent for organisation and some common sense, gifted with a certain rustic shrewdness, but a man whose deeds and whose ideas had never earned him a place among those whose natural curiosity has acquired for them a broad knowledge and a wide insight into the great problems of the day. Pétain was not particularly capable of judging men and events of which he only had a cursory knowledge, and he understood this fact until a fairly recent date.

"Pétain still has remarkable physical fitness. He stands very straight. The satisfactions which come with power have actually taken something off his age. However, like all old men, he learns nothing, retains little and has difficulty in concentrating his attention on one subject for more than a

PÉTAIN INSPECTS THE YOUTH OF FRANCE: Pictures like these have been widely circulated throughout France and abroad to show the Marshal's concern for the younger generation. He was inspecting a body of several hundred children who had spent a holiday in the Unoccupied zone, and were soon to return to German rule in Occupied France

ENCH YOUTH ARRIVE AT THE VELODROME D'HIVER IN PARIS FOR THE RALLY OF THE "SOLIDARITY CAMPAIGN": As in Germany, so in France—the youth of to-day are being regimented in military fashion and in semi-military garb

tain time. He is remarkably obstinate; he has eral fads to which it is only necessary to pander in der to obtain his approval (the family, the land, ftsmanship); he is extremely vain and very jealous his authority, but always agrees with people with om he is conversing on subjects which do not rticularly interest him—and this foible is responsi- for the rumour that he is playing a double game h the Germans. Like many old men, he is also uliarly artful. His cunning showed up strongly on the occasion of the coup of December 13, 1940. He had on that day the honour of outfoxing Laval, pretending to agree with him and to go about a reshuffling of the Cabinet in accordance with the wishes of the latter. Then Laval was arrested an hour later without a word of explanation. The event was certainly a happy one, but the way Pétain treated Laval—to whom he owed so much, if not all—was not calculated to inspire confidence in the breasts of his colleagues.

"Pétain only tolerates Darlan because he considers the Admiral could never be a rival for the popular affection. He was delighted when many Vichy shopkeepers refused, despite a formal request, to put Darlan's photograph in their windows beside his own. When asked why he maintained Darlan as his second, he made a profound but mean reply: 'I need beside me someone who will absorb all available unpopularity.' Pétain, very vain, never seems to tire of posing for photographers.

"He is not in possession of the intellectual strength to govern a country. In the middle of ministerial discussion, Pétain, having followed matters with an absent expression, interrupts with: 'What of the family, gentlemen; what of the family?' On one occasion, after pretending to follow Paul-Rives, money and labour expert, the Marshal suddenly rose and remarked: 'We are in agreement. Labour will save France.' The fact is that, despite his vigour, there are limits to Pétain's resistance. His activity is moderate. He receives a few carefully chosen people. His entourage keeps off people who might have unpleasant home-truths to tell. He has practically no contact with the outside world. In short, he lives in an artificial paradise, intoxicated by the power which is only superficially his, and entirely unaware of the unpopularity of his Government (this was written before Laval's recall), a Government supported by two factors alone: the absence of any organised opposition and the close presence of German bayonets."

Of particular interest is the story of Pétain's reaction to military happenings. "His appreciation of the situation has been completely erroneous. After the conquest of Greece by the Germans, he said: 'I can't see what can stop the Germans from winning the war now.' At the end of November 1941, when the Germans were on the eve of a defeat which may have the same historical significance as their defeat on the Marne in 1914, the Marshal, who followed the Russian campaign with great excitement, remarked to all and sundry: 'The defeat of the Russians is achieved.' It was at this time that he agreed to dismiss Weygand."

If we note that he sacked Weygand at a moment when he formed an entirely wrong opinion on Russia, is it too much to hope that he was persuaded to take back Laval because he now (equally erroneously, we hope) expects the Germans to walk away with the rest of the war?

My last quotation: "The Marshal's policy has latterly crystallised round a new hope. He is hoping—for he is not unaware of German losses in Russia—that after Hitler's victory over Stalin, the time will be ripe to pave the way for a peace of compromise. Thus are explained the very close relations entertained with the Vatican and with General Franco, despite the designs of the Falangists on Morocco and Oran."

The Pétain hope lies in America as the bridge between the two sides. "The presence in London of the Free French would suffice to eliminate the possibility of a *rapprochement* with Britain, even if there were not other reasons, and more substantial ones, which have their root in the very conception of the Pétain Government. Gaullism has on the Marshal and his entourage the effect of a red rag on a bull. They see red whenever mention is made of General de Gaulle."

PIERRE LAVAL TO-DAY: The owner of a large fortune acquired during the shadiest of political careers. He is now pro-German, pro-Italian, anti-British, anti-Communist, anti-everything that stands in the way of his own personal gain

ANOTHER QUISLING "COLLABORATIONIST": Jaques Doriot, until recently a Communist, then a Fascist, now a rival of Deat's and Laval's in the courtship of the Germans. A bomb was flung at him a few days ago in Paris

OVER THE MOUNTAINS TO INDIA? A Survey of the Burmese Scene

THE OTHER (OR INDIAN) SIDE OF THE BURMESE MOUNTAIN RANGES, showing the approaches to India by way of the Chittagong hill tracks; and also the coastal strip traversed by the railway from Chittagong to the Bengal plains—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert (see notes below)*

WILL THE JAPS REACH OUT TO ASSAM AND INDIA?

A Note on the Geographical Features of the Region

ASSAM, and the region westward, through which the Brahmaputra flows into the Gulf of Bengal, is not easy country. Apart from the main plain, mountain ranges and deep-rivered valleys run roughly north-south and form a succession of barriers between Burma and India proper. Few roads exist, and the east-west passage is a question of surmounting one natural obstacle after another. For this reason the main avenue of communication between Burma and India is by sea.

The Chindwin River, crossed from the east, brings the traveller to the feudal State of Manipur, and from here, with the town of Imphal as an important depot, the new roads to China—that is, to Chungking—have been under construction for some time. The thrust of the Japanese in Burma does not yet affect the northern road, and work is being pushed along over very difficult terrain at high pressure. When completed, this new route to Chiang Kai-shek's headquarters will outweigh the loss of the Mandalay-Lashio road.

These two new roads, it is expected, will soon be in operation. Armies of natives have been engaged in the tremendous work of carving a way through hills and stretches of jungle. Wells have had to be sunk and station sites prepared. The southerly road, to enter the Burma Road somewhere near Lashio, is, unfortunately, now threatened. Thus the Assam-Bengal area now comes very prominently into the picture of India's defence, and also that of supplying the Chinese armies. While it can be held and supplies brought from India to the road terminus, China may expect a continuation of the supplies of essential goods which once went by way of Rangoon.

Communications in the area are poor. Part of the country, indeed, does not come under direct control, and into such sections strangers may not travel, except with the political officer's permit, and, generally, a guard.

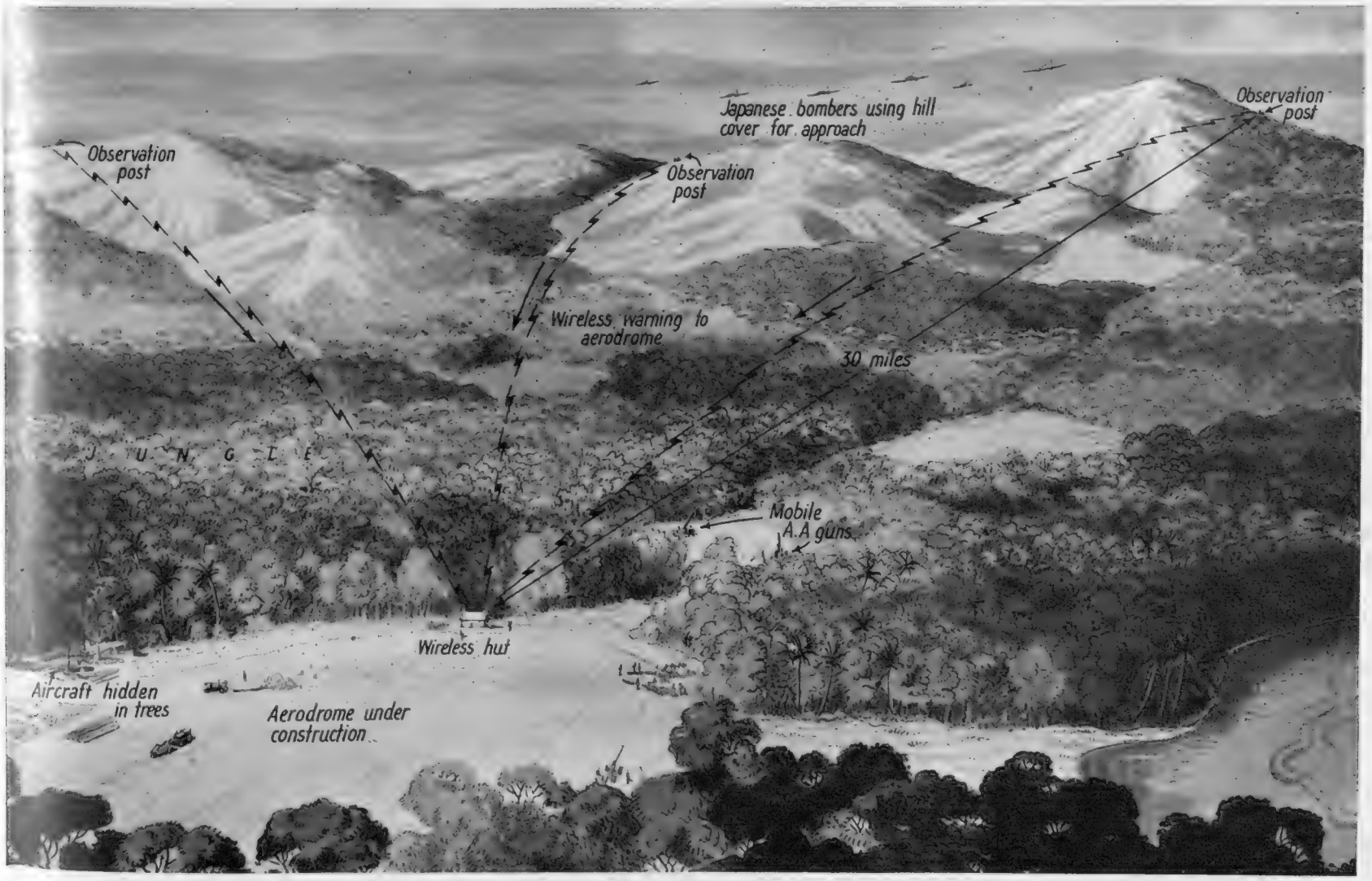
From Chittagong in the south, and east of the Ganges and Brahmaputra delta areas, a railway runs northward in an indirect way to Dibrugarh, running through the Dhansiri Valley, with branches to Sylhet and Silchar, and linking up with the East Bengal State Railway. Nevertheless, the main course of transport is by water, and it is because of the lack of efficient transport (and of capital) that the natural resources of the country are not developed. There is some coal in the area, and a little petroleum. In the Makum field in Lakhimpur there are oil-wells. The principal industries of the region are, therefore, tea production, timber and rice cultivation. Rice, which covers two-thirds of the plain area, is for local consumption.

The Eastern Himalayas are responsible for the vast forests and tangle of jungle and swamps, where malaria breeds—another disconcerting factor for planters and lumberers. The monsoon, beating northwards, breaks on the mountain barrier, and rain is precipitated heavily on the southern slopes, swelling the great rivers like the Brahmaputra, Lohit and Dihang, and flooding wide areas. The forests spread over vast regions, and there are no less than 6,000 square miles under Government reserve. The timber from these forests is rafted down the rivers and is responsible for the importance of such places as Chittagong.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL NATURE OF THE COUNTRY IN THE CHITTAGONG HILL DISTRICT: The great timber rafts being floated down to the town which lies at the southern terminus of the railway to Bengal are a feature of this region. Across the Chittagong Hills, there are only rough tracks; but it is not unlikely that the Japs may make use of these for a further approach to the richer lands lying on the Bengal side

THE SAVAGE AIR ATTACK BY THE JAPS ON THE CITY OF MANDALAY, FORMER CAPITAL OF THE BURMAN KINGS, when great areas were destroyed in the heart of the city. The attack was made by two waves of bombers, and both were entirely unopposed—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

It is somewhat odd that the Japs should have allowed such an outcry over the bombing of Tokyo and other of their cities when they have in front of them the wanton attacks on the Burmese city of Mandalay! This city was entirely unprotected against attack from the air; yet, on Good Friday, two waves of Jap bombers took part in raids which provided more casualties in one day than has yet been experienced anywhere in the Far East battle zone. The fires which were started destroyed several square miles of buildings in the heart of Mandalay, and Chinatown was scattered with dead. It was the first wave of bombers who scattered the incendiaries: the firemen were beaten by lack of water and engineers had to dynamite buildings to limit the destruction. All twelve buildings of Mandalay's General Hospital were razed to the ground. The second wave attacked whilst the fires were gaining ground. In this drawing the general layout of Mandalay is indicated. Mandalay Hill, 774 ft. high, overlooks the city from the north; Fort Dufferin, behind its moat, lies in the centre. Both city and Government area are pierced by four main roads which cut the area into segments. These run due north, west and south: the road to the east is much shorter than the three others. Outside the moat, the city spreads out into blocks, formed by the bisections of the roadways. In plan, the city resembles a middle-sized American township—but there the superficial resemblance ends!



A SIDELIGHT ON THE WAR IN THE AIR OVER BURMA: One of the chief difficulties with which the R.A.F. had to contend in the early stages—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

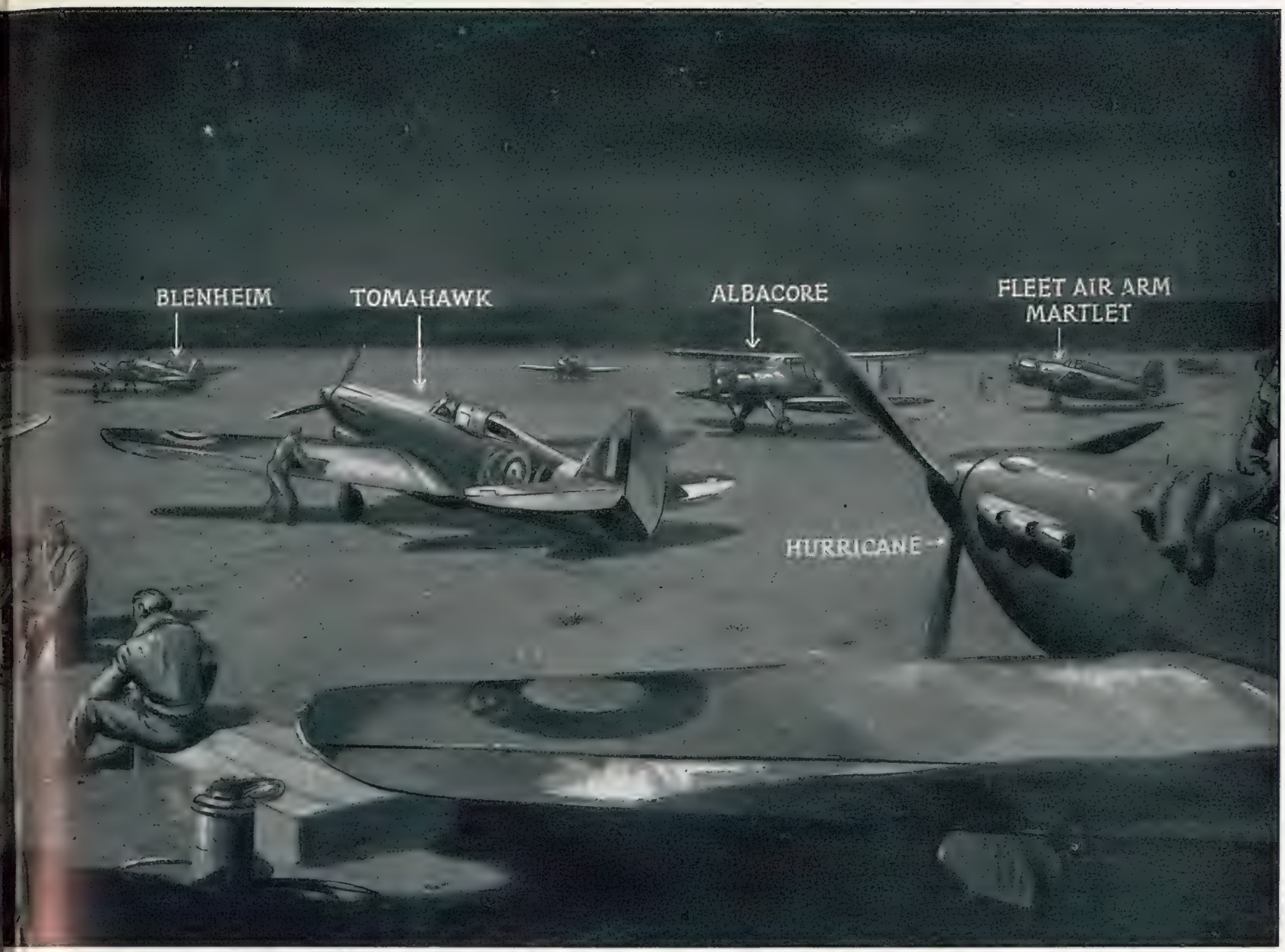
Whilst the R.A.F. were still operating in Burma, before their necessary withdrawal conceded air superiority to the Japs, our aerodromes under construction were bombed by the enemy frequently, who pursued the surprise tactics outlined in the manner shown in the above drawing. To counteract such tactics in hilly country, our artist has suggested a scheme whereby Observation Posts should be constructed at a distance of about 30 miles, with field wireless communication with the aerodrome. This distance, together with the additional five miles' range which the observers would command from their points of vantage, should give the aerodrome a warning period of about ten minutes: during this period, the aircraft at the Ready, would be able to take off and reach a reasonable height at which to engage the enemy by the time the latter had reached their objective!

THE R.A.F. IN THE DESERT

Life and Conditions in an Advanced Libyan Aerodrome

A MOONLIGHT SCENE AT THE EDGE OF AN EMERGENCY AERODROME BUILT IN THE HEART OF THE
and the United States. The men, too, come from all parts of the world; and their

BRITISH AIRMEN PLANNING NEW TACTICS TO TRY AGAINST THE ENEMY: Seated in little clusters outside their tents on the improvised aerodrome, and in the cold of the starry desert night, the pilots eagerly enunciate and discuss new methods of striking at the German and Italian enemy—*Drawing by Roland Davies* (See notes at right)



WILDERNESS : Whence bombers of the R.A.F. take off for their flights over enemy territory. The types of aircraft used are various, and come from both Britain temporary desert homes are Army tents. From here wide areas of enemy territory are subjected to bomber and fighter attack—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Out in the sandy wastes of the Libyan Desert, "for no apparent reason," one patch of the stony and desolate wilderness has been chosen as the site of an aerodrome, from which issues at every hour of the day aircraft bound on operations over a front of 2,000 miles or more—between Tripoli to the west and back to Alexandria in the east, with the Eastern Mediterranean Sea as a happy hunting-ground to the north. Out in the surrounding wilderness are the remaining evidences of enemy occupation—a capsized tank, a burnt-out Heinkel, a battery of destroyed field-guns, ammunition boxes, dumps of gas-masks, clothes and rifles galore. Near the group of tents are scores of aircraft of different types—Hurricanes, Tomahawks Blenheims, Beauforts, Marylands, Albacores, a D.H. 86B, and many others visiting or using the aerodrome for new operations. The men employed here as pilots and mechanics come from all the cities of the British Empire—from Australia, South Africa, New Zealand. The Navy is here, too, in the shape of the Fleet Air Arm : and every spoken accent from Thurso to Plymouth Hoe can be heard around the tents

On left—"You lie awake in the cold after Jerry has said good-night, and turn over the day's run in your mind," writes an observer of the scene pictured here. "You somehow cannot banish the thought of our boys squatting around on sandbag settees so calmly confident of themselves and their fulfilment of victory. You remember, for no reason at all, how, in the midst of a game of bridge or a gossip over their ale, somebody hit on a novel tactical idea to strike the enemy; of how at once every mind was alert, analysing, modifying, improving on the idea; how, after it had been winnowed in the keen criticism of the Squadron, it was decided to try it out in secret, somewhere miles out in the wastes of the desert. You can picture without effort the result of that informal round-table talk in a mess that has no proper tables, and that soon Jerry will have another surprise sprung on him."

On right—"If any men deserve the title of the elite of the British Army it is surely these," wrote Mr. Christopher Buckley in the *Daily Telegraph* recently. He was referring to the "forward mobile patrols," the men who form the antennæ of the Eighth Army. Frequently they vanish for as long as six weeks at a time, scarcely ever for less than ten or twelve days. The patrols are exclusively volunteers.

Recently, a young officer went out with a small party: having captured some prisoners, one of them told of a small fort in the vicinity, and it was decided by the patrol to attempt its capture. Upon arrival, no sign of life could be observed, but soon sleepy figures appeared. Soon it was seen that eight men were besieging twenty—and the latter in a strongly-fortified hillside position! After an hour the small British patrol advanced in a series of rushes: sniped at from the fort and outhouses, the last 50 yards were covered in one rush—and without loss to the attackers. And the fort was ours!

THE ADVENTUROUS WORK OF A BRITISH MOBILE PATROL IN LIBYA : The advance of a small party of picked men who rushed a strongly-held Italian fortress in the desert and forced its surrender—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker* (See notes at left)

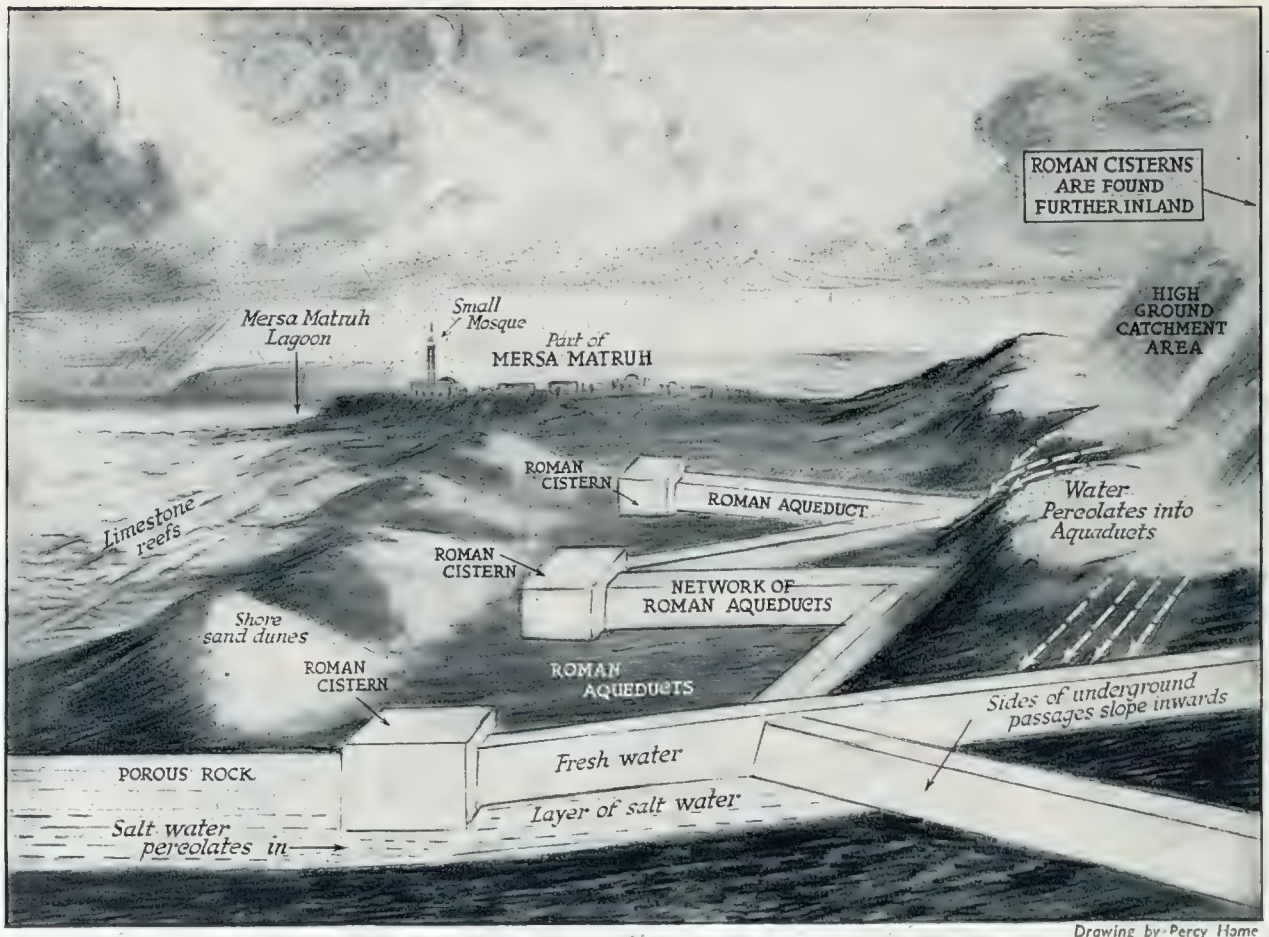
THE ROMAN CISTERNS OF LIBYA

Recently Revealed, and Now Supplying the 8th Army with Water

WITH the approach of the hot season in the Libyan Desert, the problem of water supply will become this year, as last, a matter of the greatest urgency. The chief difficulty will be, as always, the local distribution of water; but the main supplies will probably be full to overflowing, owing to the recent exceptionally wet season.

One of the main sources of supply to our 8th Army will be the wonderful network of aqueducts and cisterns used by the Romans when Northern Africa was part of their Empire. The discovery and re-use of this network of aqueducts and cisterns by the Royal Engineers is one of the romances of the Libyan campaign.

Under ordinary pre-war conditions, the local Arabs had allowed these Roman water-works to become choked, burned or broken. Sometimes their existence was known, but little use had been made of such knowledge. In the coastal area running westward from Alexandria there is little or no surface water-supply: the geological formation consists of limestone ridges running along the actual beach. Behind these rise a single range of sand-dunes of dazzling whiteness, formed of particles worn from the limestone reefs: in the course of time, the lower portions of these dunes have become re-cemented into a porous rock.



Drawing by Percy Home

THE WATER-SUPPLY SYSTEM OF THE ROMANS, recently discovered from plans in a Cairo museum: The cisterns and aqueducts have now been opened up by the R.E.s and are being used to supply the 8th Army with water. The rainfall over the desert percolates into the aqueducts as shown in the above drawing, and is then gathered up into cisterns

INSIDE AN OLD ROMAN AQUEDUCT IN THE DESERT: The water gathers within through percolation. This is the main aqueduct of the system, now cleared out and extended by Royal Engineers. With others, forming a network, the old Roman system has supplied water in large quantities for the British forces in Libya

The winter rains falling on the higher ground which forms the northern edge of the Egyptian and Libyan deserts percolates into the ground and collects in the porous rock to the depth of a few feet. It is held in this position by the coastal dunes, but immediately beneath is a layer of salt water which has seeped in from the sea. It is, therefore, not possible to sink wells.

The difficulty was overcome by the Romans by the ingenious construction of a network of stone-lined conduits or aqueducts which were cut in the shallow upper layer of porous rock. Into these galleries the water from inland trickled and washed down to cisterns at the shoreward ends of the galleries. The fresh water appears to have been pumped from various points in the system of conduits and cisterns. The official account of the First Libyan campaign (published recently under the title of *The Destruction of An Army*) reveals the fact that the Royal Engineers have cleared these conduits and repaired them in such a way that they can now provide the 8th Army with its main water-supply.

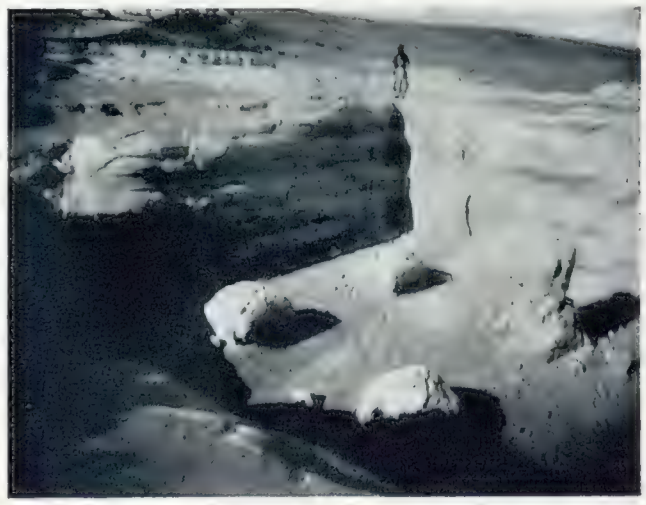
The first main Roman conduit was discovered just west of Mersa Matruh about the year 1930; and it is understood that certain plans were discovered in the Antiquities Department in Cairo which gave indications of other galleries and cisterns which, in the time of Imperial Rome, formed the water supply for Parætonium, the Roman name for Mersa Matruh. The conduits are about 6 ft. high and 4 ft. wide, and the sides slope in towards one another, as shown in the illustration given here. In places where a fault occurs in the rock, the Romans used a very hard cement to render the conduit water-tight.

A MODERN WATER INSTALLATION—"Fig-Tree Wells," near Sollum. Upon this the enemy in Halfaya depended for water. Within a week of the capture of this well the enemy had surrendered. In peacetime it irrigated a plantation of fig-trees

In addition to this network of underground conduits, a large number of Roman rock-cisterns have been found all along the Libyan coastal area: these can be cleared out and used to-day with a varying amount of repair. The cisterns were excavated in the surface rock at points where the rainfall could be collected. A roof, often 12 ft. thick, was left, its weight being supported by stone pillars. The entrances were square holes (about 3 ft. wide) admitting to the chamber below. Some of these measure 75 ft. by 75 ft., and are 15 to 20 ft. deep.

Being dotted all over this coastal belt for 10 to 20 miles inland, they gave the Romans an adequate water-supply—and, it is to be hoped, will do the same for our own forces!

A ROMAN CISTERN, with its supporting circular column cut from the native rock. This cistern is now functioning once again, after a lapse of several centuries



A ROCK CISTERN IN THE DESERT. The roof has been destroyed with the passage of time, but the bases of the supporting columns still stand. There are a number of similar examples all along the Libyan coastal belt

AS SHE NOW SAILS THE SEAS ONCE AGAIN: A fine impression of the floating aerodrome that is H.M.S. "Illustrious," taken from one of her own aircraft. Note the smoke-pot at her bow (an indication for pilots), and the wireless masts lowered outboard for flying operations

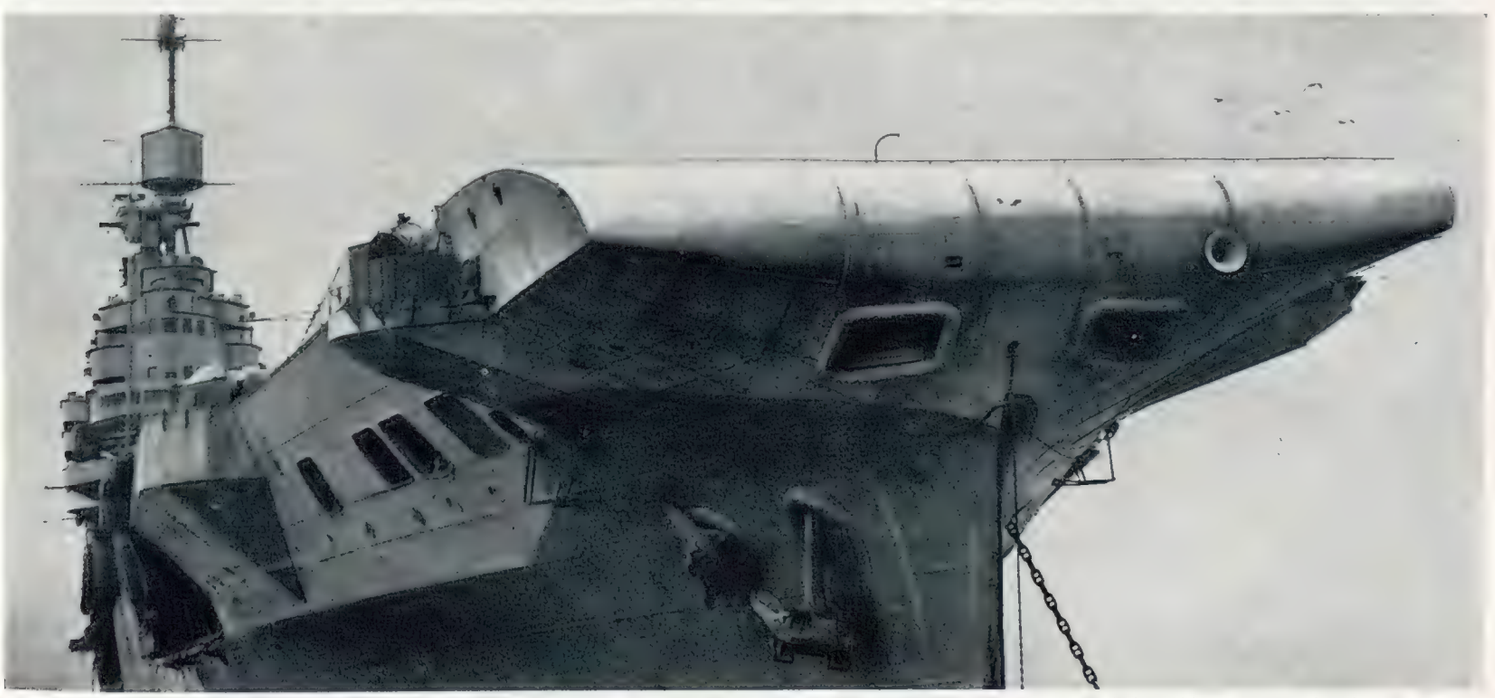
A SPECIAL "SPHERE" SECTION DEALING WITH

H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS"

On Active Service Once Again with the Royal Navy

Life Aboard the Famous Aircraft-Carrier, Damaged During an Engagement in the Mediterranean, Repaired in an American Port, and then Refitted in Britain

Illustrious is a vessel of 23,000 tons, laid down as one of four of a similar class in 1937. Work on her construction was begun in April of that year; she was launched on April 5, 1939, and it was expected that she would be completed during the year 1940. No date for her completion was actually given, but it was known some time ago that she was in service with the Royal Navy. On January 10, 1941, whilst in the Central Mediterranean with the Battle Fleet she was subjected to a very heavy attack by forty German dive-bombers: as a result she was badly damaged and forced to put into Malta, where further attacks were launched against her. But some little time later *Illustrious* set out again, steaming at very high speed towards permanent repairs. It is now disclosed officially that, after repairs at an American port, the aircraft-carrier has been refitted at a British base: she is once again at this moment on active service with the British Fleet. It was intended that Lord Louis Mountbatten was to command her, but as he has now become Chief of Combined Operations, her captain is Captain A. G. Talbot, D.S.O. The pictures reproduced on this and the following pages have all been taken since her refit.



A VIEW FROM THE BOW END SHOWS HOW SURPRISINGLY THICK IS THE FORWARD END OF THE FLIGHT-DECK. The whole of the bridge structure has been pushed to the starboard side of the vessel, and the gun turrets have been mounted on overhanging platforms. "Illustrious" has given her name to a class of four similar vessels, all of which were launched during the year 1939

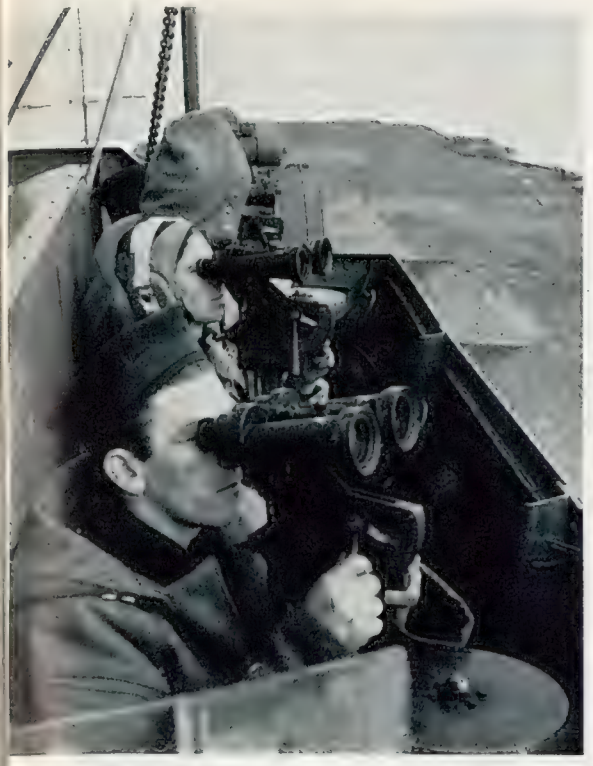
REAR-ADMIRAL A. L. ST. G. LYSTER, C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., Fifth Sea Lord, is also the Chief of Naval Air Services: he is here seen with Captain A. G. Talbot, D.S.O., captain of "Illustrious," after arriving on the aircraft-carrier by air

Before his appointment as Chief of Combined Operations, Lord Louis Mountbatten had been appointed to H.M.S. *Illustrious*, and during her period in an American dockyard he went to the United States to take over his command. Captain A. G. Talbot is now in charge of the 23,000-ton vessel. Recently Rear-Admiral Lyster visited his old flagship, being flown out to her in one of his own aircraft. As Fifth Sea Lord, the Naval Air Services come under his control. The Admiral flew his flag in *Illustrious* when she was in the Mediterranean, participating in some of the heavy naval engagements in that area

CAPTAIN A. G. TALBOT IN CONFERENCE WITH SOME OF HIS SENIOR OFFICERS: A complement of 1,600 is carried aboard the great vessel. Flying and operational problems, as well as matters affecting personnel, require the closest attention and co-operation

A GRIM FIGURE ON THE FLIGHT DECK: The fire-guard who, is always on duty during flying operations, equipped with a complete suit of asbestos. His job would be to rescue the pilot in the case of a crash on the flight deck

THE BRIDGE DURING FLYING EXERCISES: This high structure is pushed to the starboard side of the vessel. On the upper bridge is Rear-Admiral Lyster (under whose control comes all naval flying); with him, in a beret, is Captain Talbot. Below is the Commander (flying), directing operations from the compass platform. Before going to the Admiralty as Fifth Sea Lord, the Admiral flew his flag in this aircraft-carrier

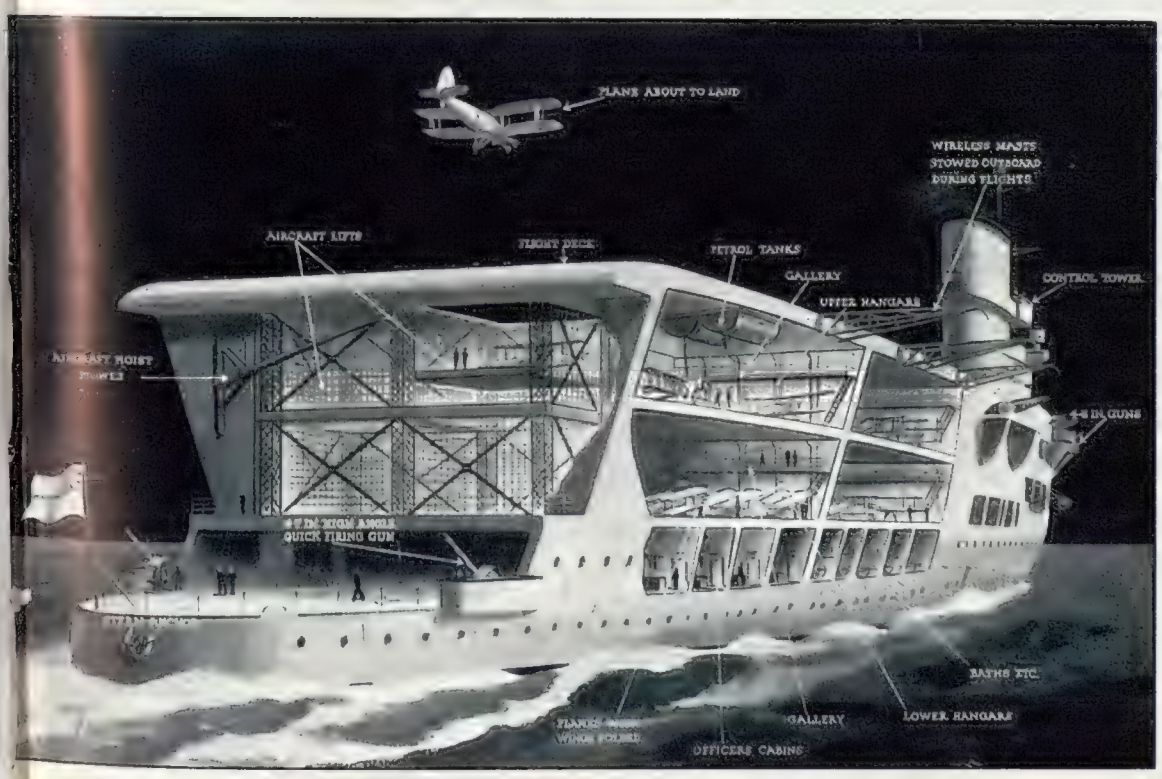


A LOOK-OUT SECTION : Every moment the vessel is at sea a constant search is made of the skies for approaching enemy aircraft

LOADING AMMUNITION FOR THE MULTIPLE POM-POMS : These guns eat up shells at a prodigious rate when in action ; but on an aircraft-carrier (with her comparatively vast stowage spaces) this problem is not so acute as on a cruiser

SOME OF THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER'S HEAVIER ARMAMENT : There are sixteen of these 4·5 dual-purpose guns on H.M.S. "Illustrious," and also a considerable lesser armament

A POM-POM CREW AT THE ALERT : The guns, it will be noticed, are coupled up in eights



A SECTIONAL VIEW OF A BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER AS SEEN FROM THE STERN

It is not suggested that this diagrammatic view shows H.M.S. *Illustrious* : but the drawing has been reproduced to show the general arrangements on one of these highly specialised vessels. In the main the hangars are exceptionally roomy with elaborate arrangements for fire-fighting. There are three lifts for hoisting aircraft to the flight deck. Although aircraft-carriers are intended principally for wheeled aircraft, some of them also carry hinged cranes for lowering and hoisting seaplanes. At night, navigating lights can be displayed by means of a special telescopic mast, rising from near the centre of the flight deck. As it is essential to keep the deck free for flying, the boats are all stored in embrasures, out of which they can be run on a novel system. In the above view, above the wide quarter-deck rises the towering wall of the stern. This is shown in section in order to reveal the lifts which take the planes up to the flight deck. The side of the vesse has also been cut away to show the officers' cabins and the upper and lower hangars

CAPTAIN A. G. TALBOT, D.S.O., in his cabin on H.M.S. "Illustrious." This is the vessel which was to have been commanded by Lord Louis Mountbatten. The latter, however, has now been translated to higher spheres !

ON BOARD H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS"—*cont.*

THE DECK-LANDING OFFICER GUIDING A PILOT JUST ABOUT TO LAND: A senior officer, who is himself a skilled pilot, signals the aircraft right down to the deck by means of illuminated reflector "bats"

HERE THE DECK-LANDING OFFICER is signalling "Put your starboard wing down" as the aircraft approaches the deck

BEFORE TAKING OFF FOR AN OPERATIONAL FLIGHT, the pilots must synchronise their watches down below

AN AMERICAN-BUILT MARTLET FIGHTER, with folded wings for stowage below, being sent down by lift from flight-deck to hangar

NOT "DODGEM" CARS, BUT ANOTHER INNOVATION FROM THE UNITED STATES: Little "buggy" cars, used for towing the aircraft across the wide flight-deck of the aircraft-carrier

MEMBERS OF THE CREW RUNNING TO THEIR ACTION STATIONS: The very considerable complement of 1,600 officers and men is carried aboard H.M.S. "Illustrious"

A SINGLE-SEAT MARTLET FIGHTER FLYING LOW OVER THE FLIGHT-DECK: Note the water surging over the deck, and also the wireless masts lowered over the sides of the carrier. This is always done during flying operations

THE WORK OF THE INTELLIGENCE CORPS

The Necessary Qualifications which Candidates Must Possess, the Training They Undergo Whilst Being Prepared for their New Tasks, and the Duties they have to Perform in the Office and in the Field

Described by
CHARLES GRAVES

THE organisation of our military Intelligence is very much maligned. One is always hearing of linguists all over the country whose services are not being utilised. Actually, everyone who applied for a job in Intelligence, either in the last war, in peacetime, or in the present war, has been fully cross-indexed, with the result that the most astonishing types—say a balloon-maker who talks Swahili, or a chemist who speaks Russian and Turkish—can be secured at a moment's notice.

The trouble is that so many people imagine that the mere knowledge of French, or German, or Spanish, or some other more exotic language, is in itself an adequate recommendation for the Intelligence Corps. At that, an ordinary knowledge of German, for example—and by that I don't mean what one picks up at school, however successfully—fails to guarantee that the speaker has the slightest idea of technical German military terms. Even a good linguist would probably not know the German equivalent of mythological Greek characters such as Hercules and Odysseus. How, then, can he be expected to know the German terms for the weapons carried by their shock troops, much less the current phrases indicating the engineering gadgets necessary for radio-location?

Obviously I can give no details about the numbers of the Intelligence Corps. But, with the expansion of the Army, they are naturally high. The entries, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, come from O.C.T.U.s or regiments. In the hundredth case, a civilian may be taken direct into the Intelligence Corps, but his qualifications have to be exceptional.

Officers, non-commissioned officers and men who join the Intelligence Corps have to be bi-lingual at the minimum. When selected, they are given an intensive training lasting several weeks to ensure a military background and a wide general knowledge of Intelligence duties. Chief among these are map-reading, reconnaissance, motor-bicycle riding, organisation, and a general brush-up in languages.

In the last war, Intelligence officers had a comparatively static time. In this war they have had to train themselves to be mental Panzers. From the minute they join the depot, they find themselves undergoing a de-glamorisation course. Youngsters with excited ideas about blondes, champagne, secret codes, dashing drives or flights through the night with vital information, are quickly disabused. They discover that the best Intelligence means a great deal of hard work, with no apparent results, until suddenly something turns up. In spite of this apparently dreary routine, they are all advised to acquire as quickly as possible a 500-miles-per-hour mentality.

Anybody who imagines that the training of Intelligence officers is largely intellectual could not make a greater mistake. The Intelligence officer of 1942 does not sit in a comfortable chair and use his brains. On the contrary, he is primarily a soldier and secondarily an Intelligence officer. Rough-riding across country on a motor-bicycle at night is not child's play, and the assault course, over 2,000 yards long, is as tough as anything to which the Commandos are accustomed.

The actual hours of work are from 9 a.m. until 6.15 p.m., with an hour's break for lunch, and any amount of motor-bicycling by night and reconnaissance after dark.

After the training at the depot, selected officers go to the War Intelligence course. Here they learn advanced staff duties and intelligence training. The successful officers are then chosen as Intelligence officers to some existing military formation—anything from a Division up to G.H.Q. They are posted usually within a week. For anything under a Division—such as a brigade or battalion—the appointment of the Intelligence Officer is made locally.

There are, of course, a number of special courses to which officers may be drafted. There is the Security course, Censoring, Liaison with Allied forces, Liaison with the civilian populace, radio transmission, and reading foreign newspapers. There are two kinds of Security—the Field Security, when the officer is attached to a unit, and General Security.

In addition to the depot for instructing officers in Intelligence duties, there is another depot where other ranks learn their job. Here, tact has to be specially stressed. Integrity has to be carefully watched all the time. Members of the Intelligence Corps can easily be returned to their unit if it is found that they have a glamour-girl sister who talks out of turn. Wives also have to be above suspicion, and even officers' batmen are very carefully vetted.

Recently I was present at the guest night of an Intelligence Corps depot. Every language under the sun was spoken, and I took for granted that many of the officers were Free French, Free Dutch, Free Austrian, Free Belgian, Poles, Czechs, and so forth. We sang the "Horstwessel," "I had a comrade" (done to a goose-step), "Roll Out the Barrel" (in German), and every kind of German Army song. But to my surprise, I discovered that every single officer present was British. It is true that some of them had lived so long on the Continent that lecturers find it easier to speak to them in French or German than in their official native language. The fact remains that they were all born British. Many of them had been undergraduates in German Universities, like Bonn and Heidelberg. Others had been students in Paris, Lucerne, Zurich, and elsewhere. My own reaction was one of intense surprise and satisfaction that we have so many officers able not only to speak foreign languages perfectly, but also to make themselves think the way that the enemy does. In connection with this, one of the forms of training which these officers undergo is the good old sand-table, where, however, they have to give their orders as German officers would do.

Many of you will remember Baron von Werra, who escaped two or three times after he had been shot down, and finally made his way from Canada to the United States, and from there to South America, where he managed to fly back to Germany. Well, the Baron supplied the material for a pamphlet about the British Intelligence Corps which hat long since reached us. There is no doubt thas recently captured German documents too show an increasing anxiety about British Intelligence, and give it a far better "Press" than our own newspapers do. In fact, generally speaking, the opinion of German staff officers—as relayed by neutral observers—fails to share the opinion of the British Army about our Intelligence.

Further evidence of the fact that the Intelligence Corps does not deserve the gibe that its badge is "a pansy resting on its laurels," is provided by the arduous courses in revolver shooting and the throwing of every type of the latest grenade. Their officers lead a very hard and dangerous life. And though they have no immediate association with the Reconnaissance Corps, they are expected, on active service, to be way out in front of the infantry, and even the tanks. Intelligence work in the desert is a study in itself. Imagine what a success a last-war Intelligence officer would be if he were attached to a Tank Division in Libya! There is no doubt that he would be completely out of his depth. A question which naturally occurs to one is whether the Intelligence Corps is able to get the best type of officer from the various regiments. The answer is that a born leader of men is very seldom transferred from his regiment unless he has very peculiar qualifications. On the other hand, I repeat, the modern Intelligence Officer cannot hope to survive if he is in the slightest degree effeminate or purely intellectual.

By the way, there is a recruiting office in Trafalgar Square.

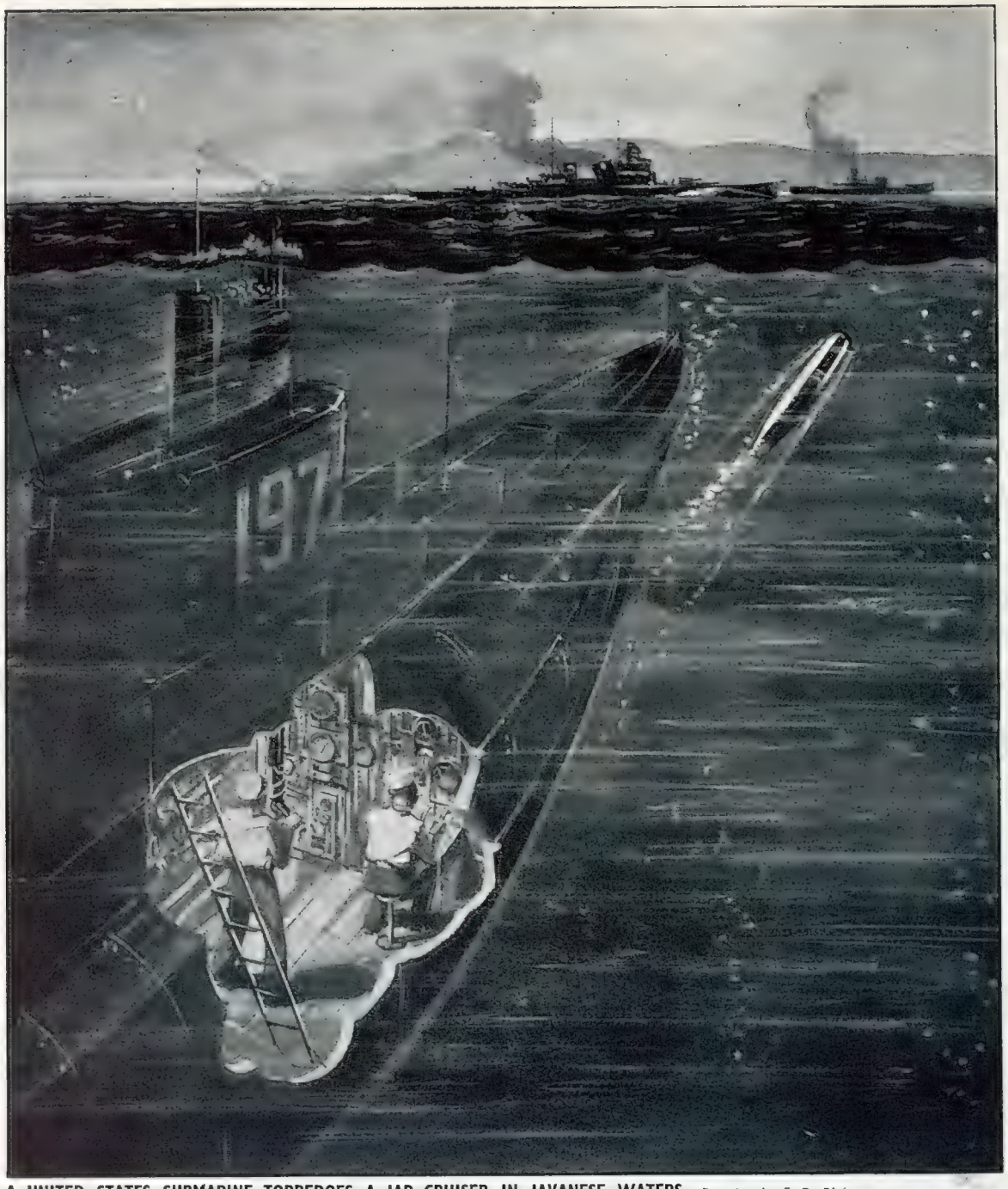
In conclusion, it is often astonishing to learn what information a skilled Intelligence Officer can acquire by reading between the lines of German newspapers, and particularly German advertisements. Intelligence work to-day is largely a patchwork job, almost a crossword puzzle. It is only to be hoped that German Intelligence officers are not so intelligent as ours.

A PICTURE WHICH TYPIFIES THE SPIRIT OF RUSSIA TO-DAY: Women at Sebastopol in the Crimea sewing underwear and warm clothing for the defenders of the beleaguered town in a bombproof shelter underground. All classes in Russia are to-day wholeheartedly behind the war effort

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

Funds are always urgently needed to carry on the work the Society is engaged in of caring for young children. Eight hundred boys and girls are at present in the Society's care, and are being maintained and educated and taught to become good and useful citizens of the Empire. All donations, large or small, will be thankfully received and acknowledged from the Society's Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



A UNITED STATES SUBMARINE TORPEDOES A JAP CRUISER IN JAVANESE WATERS—*Drawing by F. D. Blake*

After the incident illustrated by Mr. Dawson in the large drawing on the right, the U.S. submarine still stayed near the scene of Japanese naval activity. A big flagship patrolled watchfully, and destroyers steamed here and there at 15 knots hunting actively. "I went in anyway on the big cruiser," said the submarine's commander. "The transports were already inside the harbour unloading. The breeze gave me good periscope protection, and I let go from the forward tubes. Between two torpedo releases I saw the Japanese running wildly about on the quarter deck. Then I plunged." Soon after, the counter-attack came, and for hour after hour the submarine travelled slowly forward on her batteries : it was not until nightfall that she dared to surface once again

WHEN SUBMARINE MEETS SUBMARINE:

An Exceptional Type of Naval Combat Where High-Speed Action is Essential

Described by ARTHUR BARRETT

SUBMARINE *versus* submarine actions are by no means as uncommon as might be supposed. The writer personally took part in an indecisive one in the last war, and knew of at least eighteen other cases in which our boats actually "got their man." So far in this war, the Admiralty has several times released the news of U-boats being sunk by our own submarines. The *Triumph*, which achieved fame by returning safely after hitting a mine (*see* THE SPHERE, October 4, 1941), had at least one U-boat among her successes. Now we learn that the *Talisman* (a sister-ship of the *Triumph*, by the way) has achieved a similar success in the Mediterranean.

The *Talisman's* main gun is a 4-in. weapon, as fitted to all her sisters of the Triton class. A direct hit from such a gun on the unarmoured side of a U-boat would be bound to do great damage. *Talisman's* gunner did excellent work in scoring with his second shot at a fair range in the dark. The "T" class, in fact, appear to be among the most successful submarines we have evolved. Of moderate size, 1,100 tons surface displacement, and fair speed—9 or 10 knots submerged and 15 when awash—they are handy craft mounting ten torpedo-tubes.

Of course a submarine on the surface is as vulnerable as a crab out of its shell, and no warship keeps a keener look-out than a submarine "on top." If another submarine is sighted, or heard on the hydrophones, the golden rule is—dive first and attack afterwards. In the case of the U-boat bagged by the *Talisman*, the German skipper delayed diving to fire two torpedoes, and this gave our craft time to seize the chance to go into action with her gun.

Naturally, a good many things predispose a submarine commander to run risks and stay on the surface longer than is prudent—a little too close to the dawn perhaps. It was highly dangerous to surface in daylight in the last war, and aeroplanes must make it almost suicidal now. Then again one may be homeward bound, and since the surface speed is about twice the submerged speed, the urge to stay above till the last possible minute on every occasion is very strong. It was this urge which led to the sinking of the German submarine *UC*65 a few miles off Beachy Head in the last war. The German boat was torpedoed by a British submarine commanded by Lieut. E. H. Dolphin at 3.15 p.m. on a very misty afternoon. A German lieutenant who was picked up explained that his skipper was in a hurry to get home and thought the mist would serve as cover. They actually sighted the British boat's periscope, but were confident of being able to dodge any torpedo.

The writer's personal encounter with a U-boat occurred while he was serving in an "E"-class submarine in 1916 in the North Sea. The weather was thick on this occasion, when another submarine was sighted only a cable-length away. Both boats challenged and turned, but as the writer's boat had nothing heavier than a machine-gun, besides its torpedoes, the German was able to save his skin by doing a crash-dive.

Lieut. Phillips in another "E"-class submarine had better luck in the same spot a few months later, sinking the German *UC*63. Special interest attaches to this case, for the

A BRITISH DESTROYER WHICH SANK A GERMAN U-BOAT LANDS HER PRISONERS : Thirty-six of the enemy crew were picked up after the submarine went down almost immediately after she was hit : here they are being landed from the destroyer for transference to a prison camp in Britain

WHEN THE SUBMARINE RETURNS : Lying alongside a depot ship for running repairs after a cruise. Every type of work necessary for the running of a submarine is carried out on the depot ship after the return from patrol

THE FINE WORK OF THE U.S. SUBMARINES IN THE JAVA SEA: An American underwater craft operating at night against the Invasion fleets of the Japs is suddenly caught in the rays of a warship's searchlight—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

The incident depicted here typifies the manner in which our Allies are harassing the transports and warships of the Japs in Pacific waters. One night, after having been on the surface to recharge the batteries, the American submarine was preparing for the morning dive. "We had been observed before by a Japanese plane," declared the commander; "now we saw something on our port side. We were starting that way when suddenly a brilliant searchlight jumped from the darkness on the starboard, illumining us blindingly. While our attention was being drawn one way another warship had crept in without being seen and spotted us! The searchlight did not have to sweep—it landed directly on us. We dived for all we were worth. . . ."

writer remembers that the only survivor was the German petty-officer on watch in the conning-tower at the time. This man candidly admitted that the engineer came up for fresh air and chatted to him for a few moments, during which time the petty officer did not keep a proper look-out, and the explosion of the torpedo was the next thing the man knew! Of course, such cases would be more frequent but for the fact that a submarine can usually find salvation in a crash-dive. A smallish submarine—say a 750-tonner—can dive in about 35 seconds if the crew are smart, and they certainly have every incentive to be so. There is thus usually only a very few fleeting seconds, when submarines sight one another, to get in a few rounds with the gun or torpedoes. The fleeting nature of such actions which often occur at very close quarters also naturally tends to make a ramming a commonly-attempted manœuvre. A submarine's strongest part is probably her bows, the stem of which is an exceedingly strong, heavy and sharply-edged steel forging designed to deal with nets and other obstructions. We have not yet heard of a British submarine successfully ramming a U-boat in this war, but it did happen in the last.

Yet a third boat of the Triton class has bagged an enemy submarine. The *Thunderbolt*, which commenced life as the *Thetis*, celebrated its resurrection by sinking an Italian U-boat in the Mediterranean in December 1940. This exploit was particularly commendable, for the Italian boat had an escort of three armed trawlers. They were caught completely napping, and after firing its torpedo, the commanding officer of H.M.S. *Thunderbolt* saw a tall column of water rise into the air from the Italian U-boat. A loud explosion was heard, and when smoke and spray cleared away only one end of the enemy vessel was seen sticking out of the water at a steep angle. This quickly disappeared.

An older and rather larger submarine, the *Parthian*, has also sent at least one Italian U-boat to the bottom. The incident occurred very shortly after the entry of Italy into the war. On the night of July 10, 1940, H.M.S. *Parthian* sighted a large enemy submarine on the surface at close range. The commander of the British boat, Lieut.-Com. M. G. Rimington, fired two torpedoes. When they hit, the bows of the Italian boat were thrown into the air at an angle of 70 degrees amid a cloud of debris, and the shattered vessel slid stern-first to the bottom.

SUBMARINE VERSUS SUBMARINE: A British submarine sinks an Italian submarine in the Mediterranean off the south coast of Italy and within sight of land. The victors were prevented from picking up survivors owing to machine-gun fire from a coastal battery—*Drawing by F. D. Blake*

This unusual naval encounter took place off Saio Point in Calabria within sight of watchers on the coast. The Italian was a new 1,460-ton vessel of the St. Bon class, the *Ammiraglio Millo*: it was sunk by a British submarine commanded by Lieut. P. R. H. Harrison, R.N. In this case the enemy vessel was sunk by shellfire: whilst in process of rescuing survivors from the Italian vessel, a coastal battery began to shell our submarine—ineffectively—a proceeding which caused the humane operation to cease. Another Italian submarine was also sunk by a British submarine at about the same time—but, on this occasion, by torpedo in the southern approaches to the Strait of Messina

A BRITISH TORPEDO GUNBOAT ENGAGED ON RAIDING OPERATIONS IN ENEMY WATERS LYING IN A CONCEALED ANCHORAGE DURING THE DAYLIGHT. She is lying inshore Islands. Her comparatively shallow draught allows her to be moored close into the shore, where she can remain screened by overhanging palms. She is have been laid on the decks, gun shields, etc., to obscure her outline further, so that she is hidden from observation by low-flying reconnaissance planes. from the landward side. At nightfall the vessel will creep quietly out and lie in wait for passing

RAIDER TACTICS—A TENSE MOMENT: The torpedo gunboat, which has lain concealed all day (see drawing at top of these pages), is creeping out of her lair to intercept Jap transports. Barely keeping steerage way, with her torpedo-tubes loaded and her guns manned, she waits for an opportune moment to leap into top speed, race in and fire her torpedoes, and then make off again—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

HARASSING THE ENEMY IN THE PACIFIC

A NEW "FLYING BATTLESHIP" FOR THE U.S. NAVY: This is one of a great fleet of four-engined bombers now being built in California by the Consolidated Company. Known as the P.B.2Y, it is the most powerful aircraft possessed by the U.S. Navy. From wing-tip to wing-tip it measures 115 ft.; it weighs 30 tons; carries a normal crew of nine; and can travel at the rate of 225 miles per hour, with a flying range of 5,200 miles. A wonderful aeroplane with which to raid Japan itself, or threaten its now very vulnerable and extended seaward communications!

in one of the many inlets of the Pacific camouflaged and, in addition, palm branches Sentries are posted in case of possible attack Japanese transports—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

***Below*—THE THREAT OF THINGS TO COME: General Ralph Royce's surprise attack on the Philippines. *On right*—Brig.-General Ralph Royce, Chief of Staff to General G. H. Brett, in Australia**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

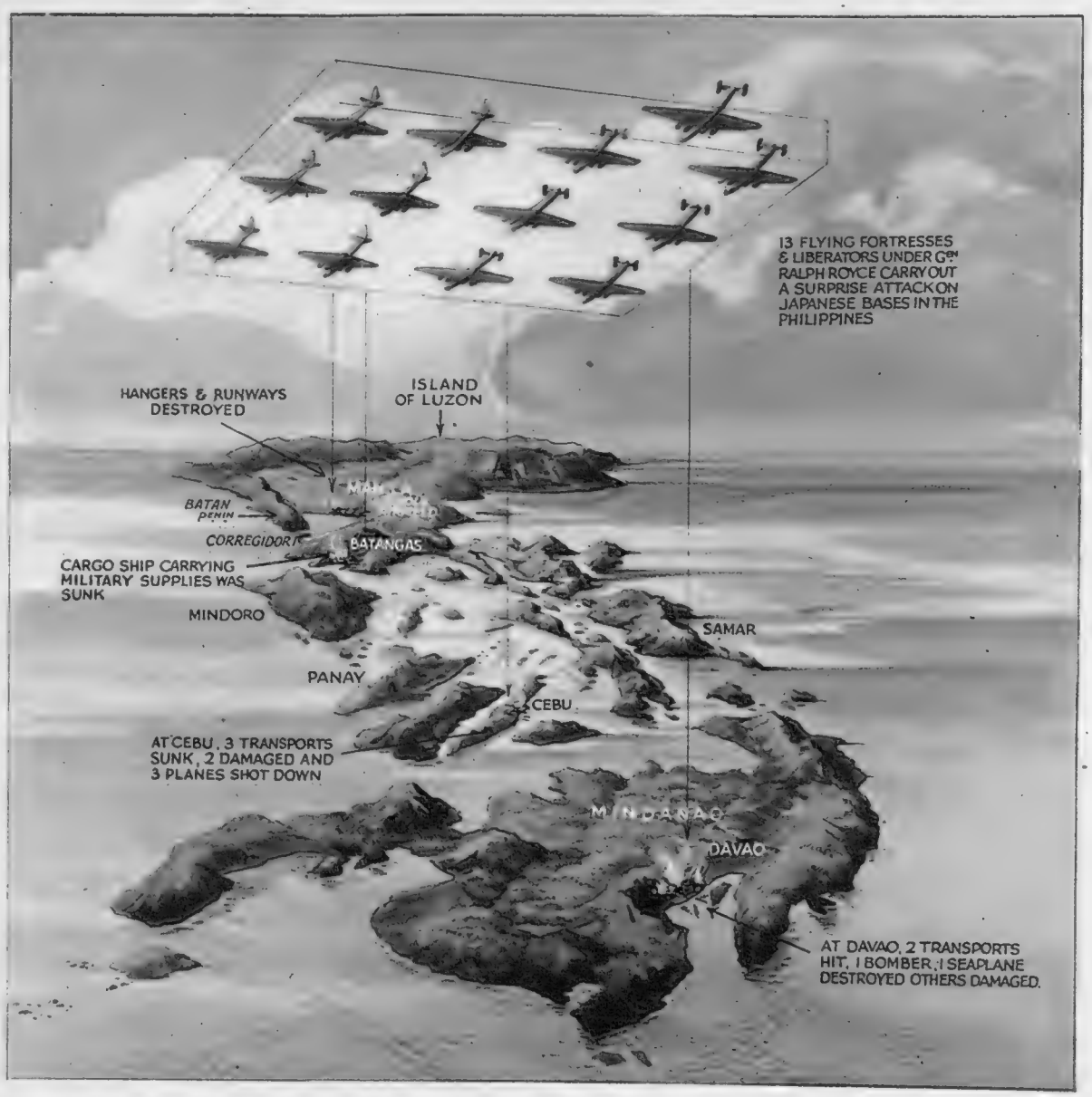
General Royce is a commander who obviously believes in doing big things for himself! At the head of a force of thirteen Flying Fortresses and Liberators, he has just demonstrated that the Japs are very vulnerable to attack, despite long distances. Flying 1,800 miles to their targets from Australia, his aircraft have carried out a devastating surprise raid on Japanese bases in the Philippines, and only one aircraft was lost. Here is a summary of the damage wrought: At Nicholls Airfield, five miles from Manila, hangars were destroyed and runways damaged; at Davao, one bomber was destroyed and several damaged, two transports were hit, one seaplane was shot down and two damaged, troop concentrations were attacked, and docks and warehouses damaged; at Cebu, three transports were sunk and two others hit, three planes were shot down and several damaged, and considerable damage was done to the dock; at Batangas, one cargo vessel was sunk. No wonder General Royce was awarded the American D.S.C. as he stepped from his aircraft! A total of 113 tons of bombs were dropped on the Philippine objectives

Since the treacherous attack by the Japanese on Pearl Harbour, control of the South-West Pacific waters has definitely passed to the enemy. Not only have they control of all the bases in that vast area, but their preponderance in naval vessels of all types is considerable. The British Navy has been called on to perform an almost hopeless task, especially in view of our commitments in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, North Sea, and on the Murmansk supply route.

But, whilst it is not possible at the moment—and until the U.S. Fleet is again ready for action, and in overwhelming strength—to give battle to the Japs with massed British forces, it is nevertheless possible (and feasible) to begin harrying operations with raiding vessels of all types in the Pacific, in the Indian Ocean, even in Japanese waters, too.

In the last war, the Germans found that the raiders at sea paid handsome dividends before they were all rounded up or sunk. In this war—especially in view of the geographical situation, which is definitely in favour of the raider—and with our long experience of harrying tactics, even bigger dividends would probably be paid! The South-West Pacific is full of islands and islets where ships could lie concealed all day, operating only under cover of darkness; the routes which *must* be followed by Japanese warships and transports are all clearly defined—many of them traverse narrow channels which would allow the larger vessels but little room for manœuvre under attack in the dark; refuelling difficulties could be overcome by carefully-plotted rendezvous with tankers and supply ships. Lastly, as stated before, the Royal Navy has a tradition behind it of success in this type of operation!

The two drawings by Mr. McDowell reproduced here indicate how a supposed British raider might operate—concealing itself in one of the thousands of islets by day, and emerging by night to wreak havoc amongst transports, supply ships, and even enemy warships. Much has already been done along these lines by submarines and cruisers: more still remains! It was recently computed that, up to the middle of April, no fewer than 215 Japanese vessels have already been sunk or damaged by submarine alone. If the work of the submarines were reinforced by surface raiders it would help the crippling of the enemy's effort very considerably—especially now that his supply lines are so long and so vulnerable to this form of attack



From ALMA ATA to CHUNGKING

A New Supply Route from Russia into China by Way of "The Eternal Road"— the Historic Silk Route

THE NORTHERN ROUTE TO CHINA from Russian Kazakstan : Traversing the vast province of Sinkiang on the Tibetan border, the old silk route is now being converted into a great supply road from Soviet Russia, as described in the accompanying notes

in Soviet territory, the road is a fine, well-metalled highway, but it deteriorates sadly when, from the frontier, it turns east by south across Sinkiang to Kansu. For hundreds of miles it is little more than a track, yet passable for the three-ton lorries of Russian construction which now thrust along it in a steady stream. Thousands of peasants are now on the job of keeping the road clear and usable; others are engaged on construction work and improvement.

The lorry trip, one way, takes about two weeks. Half-way across the continent they halt at Urumchi. The territory of Sinkiang has been conquered by the Chinese several times, and since the last conquest, in 1877, the "New Dominion," as the vast western province is called, has been administered from Urumchi, which commands the always vital Kansu-Shensi corridor. The "New Dominion" is cut off from the homeland by the wide Mongolian desert, where one may wander many weeks without encountering a human being or dwelling of any kind, and the only connection is by this long trail, now China's lifeline. As a result of this detachment, Sinkiang has not felt and suffered greatly from the various upheavals in the motherland of recent times.

From Urumchi, eastward still, the next important halting-place and depot is Hami, from where to the frontier the road runs

AT THE GATEWAY TO SECRET INNER ASIA : A small bridge over a gulch near Langchow. Over this wooden structure Chinese traders and pilgrims to Tibet have passed for centuries. It is now one of the key-points in the new supply road into China

THE "GOLDEN GATE" OVER THE HWANG HO RIVER : Not far from Langchow stood a great Gate, through which ran the ancient silk route into Turkestan. Now the Gate has gone and a great wide road runs along the river bank by which tanks, lorries and weapons of all kinds are brought into China from Russia

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY MONASTERY IN THE WORLD—The Tent Monastery of Ba Bo Se, on the Sinkiang Road near Langchow. It stands in a bare mountain valley and consists of numerous tents, each protected by a fence

ONE by one the roads to Chungking have been stopped, but the ancient highway by which China from the earliest days maintained contact with the west remains open. Along this route, across the barren lands of Central Asia, a continuous stream of goods and munitions has helped to sustain the armies of General Chiang Kai-shek. It is not a new road to China. It is the oldest road in the world. Protected on its northern flank by Mongolia, through which the Japanese scarcely dare attempt to attack it, the road starts at Alma Ata, capital of Kazakstan, from whence it runs north-east to the frontier of Sinkiang. At this depot on the Turk-Siberian railway the resources of the Urals' industrial area can be assembled for dispatch eastward. So far, while

through bleak wastes to Suchow and southward to Langchow, where it again becomes a serviceable metalled highway. Langchow, on the Hwang-Ho, is an old walled town which to-day has recovered a little of its ancient importance. Here the activities and energies of the New China become more obvious. Nearer Chungking, at Cheng-tu, a thousand-acre modern aerodrome bears witness to the spirit of Chiang Kai-shek's people. This aerodrome was urgently needed, and it was completed for use in one hundred days by a hundred thousand men and one steam-shovel! This same energy is now being applied to the road. Russian engineers who have had considerable experience in road-building through desert lands are lending their aid, and steadily they are transforming this age-long trail into a first-class modern road.

THE COLD, DREARY LANDSCAPE OF THE WIDE SALT DESERT: This is the landscape over hundreds of miles of the Sinkiang Road. Storms race across the plains, frequently sweeping it clean—sometimes icy cold, at other times unbearably hot

Above—HOW THE PROSPEROUS MERCHANT TRAVERSES THE ROAD; in a pony-borne sedan-chair. *On left*—A fortified temple between Sining and Tangar: in this territory brigands have been a natural hazard for hundreds of years. Farms here are protected by walls higher than the farmhouse, and even the holy temples have protective walls

HOW the CHINESE SOLDIER GOES to WAR

A Note by DONALD COWIE

THE uniform of the Chinese soldier is made of a thin cotton material, the colour khaki (save in the case of some specialist units), and the suit consists of a jacket, roughly on the line of that formerly worn by the British soldier, together with a pair of shorts, and sometimes a sweat-rag round the waist. The cap is distinctive in design, rather like that of our own A.T.S.—a round toque of cotton material with a peak and three buttons in front. Puttees are sometimes worn, but many infantrymen have no protection of the kind, not even shoes or boots. The regulation footwear, however, is a straw or rope sandal, excellent for hill work in summer, but not so good in winter.

Cotton shirts and under-vests, as well as thin, full-length trousers, provide additional or alternative clothing in some cases, but mostly for officers, though high rank in the Chinese Army does not necessarily denote sartorial brilliance. Officers of infantry regiments in the hard-pressed areas of the China front have long been famous for their disregard of appearances. Generals in command of many divisions have been known to conduct operations in a pair of old trousers and a white cotton shirt. Some staff officers have been discovered at work in sleeveless vests, only donning cheap cotton tunics without badges of rank on very special occasions.

The explanation is threefold: (1) that China had to improvise her army and has never had an opportunity to linger over the manufacture of frills; (2) that the climate demands a different kind of uniform from that worn by European soldiers; and (3) that the Chinese peasant has always been used to a simple outfit. But it must be noted that conditions are not the same in every unit of this great continental force. Some regiments, like the Cantonese, have always prided themselves on an exceptionally smart turn-out. The special troops sent to Burma, as photographs show, are equipped above the average. American, British and Indian material, through the Burma Road, has probably made this possible. Lessons have been learnt from the Japanese. High officers in Burma wearing very neat, dark-khaki uniforms, have greatly impressed our men, no less than the general physique and appearance of the Chinese infantry there.

THE UNIFORM AND EQUIPMENT OF THE MODERN CHINESE SOLDIER: On left, the Southern kit, as worn in Burma; on right, the Northern kit, as worn in China itself

In other words, it is impossible to generalise about the Chinese Army. China itself is the equivalent of many countries in one. No hard and fast rule can be applied, either to this matter of clothing or to questions of recruitment and pay. Many units will consist wholly of volunteers, of whom there has been no lack, especially from politically-conscious districts and from refugees without means of livelihood as a result of the Japanese invasion. Others will be mainly conscripts, recruited through a system that requires local authorities to produce so many men from their districts.

Then again the questions of pay and sustenance vary with territorial divisions. Some infantrymen have received as little as five Chinese dollars a month, about 3s. 4d., but it must be remembered they formerly earned no more as coolies. Some commanders receive as much as 1,000 dollars a month, about £33, whereas lieutenants in certain units get only 60 dollars, or £2, and a lieutenant-colonel 175 dollars, about £5 10s. This regiment might have to wait months for its pay; that might regularly receive generous allocations. China was thrown into confusion by the first onslaught of the Japanese and had a fantastic job to recover and start an army. Moreover, the men have different standards to a degree unknown in a small country like Britain, and this affects the type of sustenance and camp conditions with which they are provided. It can, however, be said that the Army as a whole leads the simple life. A cauldron of rice, stewed pumpkins and other vegetables will provide a satisfactory meal.

The same remarks about varying conditions apply to general equipment. Naturally, the Chinese High Command would like every soldier to be provided with the latest and most efficient appurtenances, and often this is possible in special cases, but large numbers of men on the remote fronts or in training have had to make do with the bare minimum. One striking difference between the Chinese and most European armies is that the infantryman can easily carry all his equipment, including facilities for food and sleep, on his own back, and can even go into action comfortably with his portable household about him.

CHINESE SOLDIERS AT NIEMBE, on the Sinkiang Road: The garrison of this town carry the old Chinese sword, but they are armed with modern hand-grenades as well!

MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS—

An Experiment in Autobiography—IX

By J. G.

"THIS MUDDY VESTURE."—In a sense, the break-away which I described in my last instalment was a courageous decision—a flight of the spirit—which, allowing for the conditions of those times, it surprises me to recall. Those times did not call to pioneers, and I was never by nature of the pioneer breed. Still, though it was foolish and short-sighted and inept, I chalk up that decision (to cut away the silken cords of Edwardianism and start again in a new world) as, for me, a rare, if not unique, example of the triumph of spirit over the environment and conventions which, for most men during most of their lives, grossly close them in.

Once in a while—and perhaps more rarely as we grow older—the spirit within us triumphs over the body. In boyhood I remember occasional evenings in high summer when this exaltation of spirit inspired the feeling that no physical feat was beyond my powers. I could jump the river, leap from tree to tree, almost take wings and fly.

The spirit seeks no longer to encourage me to physical feats, but still now and again it rends its dingy cerements and emerges pure and free and unafraid. Then the atmosphere grows for a moment rarer. I do not say that all which is obscure is made clear. But I have a momentary glimpse of bigger hills and broader roads than we are accustomed to travel, and get a hint of the existence of some vast, unselfish purpose in this unseemly struggle for individual survival.

Edwardian—A Summing-Up.—But before I raise the curtain on a brief *entre-acte* with a New World setting, let me, briefly enough, summarise and balance-up some of the extravagances of that Edwardian Era, in the circle of Privilege, so vulnerable to attack to-day.

We look back longingly to it because we poignantly recall its ease and freedom from restrictions, and its still substantial sense of permanence and security. If you wanted to travel abroad, you took a ticket and *went*. If you wanted to spend money on luxuries, you had nineteen shillings in the pound to throw away. If you dreamed of establishing your family on a more exalted rung of the social ladder, you had reasonable expectation that your sons would enjoy the splendours you might build for them. If you doubled the capacity for entertaining and the amenities of your country house, you had no inkling that the doubled requirements in domestic service, already outrageous, would not be forthcoming. You only dimly realised that what you were doing was all show and splash, and that you were engaged in a cut-throat competition with your neighbour to outdo him in those outward forms, that window-dressing, which in those days seemed the only speaking proof of "success." But to the Johnny Eames of that day, with a foot in either camp, even then the waste and the insensate, blatant luxury, the vulgarity of the show, were apparent, and were irritating, if not disgusting. How often from my bed during a country-house visit did I watch with distaste the footman's elaborate and long-drawn-out valeting of my garments, and observe him, with gloomy foreboding, as he crushed up my last night's, still clean, white shirt and white waistcoat with my evening clothes before carrying them away to gather grease stains in the servants' quarters. How often, as I drank the champagne and gobbled the ortolans and took my fair toll of the hecatombs of pheasants, I wondered doubtfully if these bribes were really necessary to induce the right young men to face their obligations to the right young women.

How often, when I observed the elaborate tea-gowns of the elder ladies—their fourth change of the day—did I ask myself if all this *show*, this elaborate and extravagant window-dressing, could be justified by any standards of any age. How often I suspected that, even then, those innumerable ladies'-maids and sleek valets and loaders, who so faithfully aped in the "room" the social grading and conventions which they observed in the drawing-room, were openly despising and condemning the snobbery and waste and show which they imitated so faithfully and fostered so constantly.

Yet, how unjust and how primitive to lump the privileged of the Edwardian Age in one general condemnation of selfish extravagance! The conventions of an age are of general application. Those who had dignity and a sense of responsibility lent dignity and nobility to those splendid forms and that elaborate ceremonial.

In the houses of the true nobility, the ease and luxury of living set off the stateliness and culture and high-thinking that were possible in that "spacious," if broadly vulgar, era. During those last years of ease and security for two generations, true nobility, high-mindedness and high-thinking shed as fine an influence and adorned their age as splendidly as ever before in our history. Here is a memory, and a corrective of any general condemnation:

Chapel at H———.—The family and guests crossed the long gallery which is furnished with Spanish coats of mail and great oak chests, and passed into the Chapel, already half filled by the servants, women on the right, men on the left. The Chaplain gave out the hymn, "Sun of My Soul," and fifty voices took up the simple, haunting tune.

I wondered how many hundred times in three centuries Vespers had been sung there in peace on Sunday evenings, and how many generations of the family had laid in the Chapel the foundation of a high and abiding tradition.

Three hundred years ago men of this family were guiding the destinies of the country, and giving to the task, even while they rested under this roof, more anxious thought than to their private affairs or personal ambitions. And men and women of the family are doing so to-day. They have been very faithful to the traditions of the Conservative Party, which may win them the respect of ardent Conservatives; but it is their faithfulness to another tradition which particularly endears them to me, a tradition wider, more lofty, than a mere political tradition. It has been built up, little by little, by the men and women of the family [and the women's share cannot be overestimated], until it has become an heirloom as important as the great house itself. It is a tradition of service to the State, silent and single-minded. A tradition of service to society, to raise social converse and family life to a higher level of intelligence and companionship, to let in light and colour, joy and sanity, to enlarge the store of human knowledge, to stimulate, to amuse, to encourage, and to uplift, to keep abreast of what is new.

Virtues observable in great men and gentlemen are simplicity and a humility of mind which is curiously flattering to the young and undistinguished who experience it, a humility which, compounded of humanity and love of knowledge, does not disdain to increase its own store of experience from the conversation of the young. These virtues are found in the circle at H———, which disdains to keep two sets of behaviour and manners, an ornate full-dress for guest night, and a shabby négligé for a family party.

The political and social revolutions of the past decades have produced nothing to lessen my respect for this family. I am still convinced that H——— is the best cradle of British Statesmen. I am still satisfied to follow its lead in political and social life. And that to-day is as far as I can go in hero-worship.

THE ELVER FISHERS OF THE RIVER SEVERN: At this time of the year shoals of elvers, or small eels, come up the river, and hundreds of workers living nearby are now busy in their spare time catching them with home-made net-scoops of a type used for that purpose from Roman days. Elvers are regarded as a great delicacy in the district, and there is a ready sale for them over a wide area. With the much higher prices now prevailing, the elver fisher can collect about 100 lb. in a night—a profitable sideline! Before the war Germans collected large quantities from the Severn and shipped them to Germany for restocking rivers there. This picture was taken at Ashleworth, near Gloucester

Canada.—Well, as I have said, I elected to say goodbye to all that, to the fleshpots, frivolity, and uplift, the showmanship and dignity of the age. But my Canadian adventure was a flop!

While the reasons that led me to make that great adventure in search of a swift accession of fortune are clear enough, and might be justified in the judgment of men sympathetic to the frailties and tragedies of youth, the adventure itself was the feckless impulse of a young fool, ill-considered, unprepared, myopic, impotent, and, in the event, as futile as it was unhappy.

I threw up, at the age of twenty-six, the only income I could count on, the only career—narrow and needy as it was—that seemed open to me, and I embarked on a voyage to the "Golden West" at a moment when the real-estate slump in the West had already beggared all but the few rooted and conservative "realtors" among the hundreds of Canadian and English gamblers in land. And I set out for that land of economic tragedy at that least propitious moment, without the most ordinary precautions, and furnished with none of the most obvious and necessary weapons of war. I took with me a couple of letters of introduction in "the social way," and a vague invitation from my brother (who was settled in Vancouver and obviously hard hit by the slump), to travel West, and pay him a visit, when he would see what could be done for me. It was a slender hope, and small wonder if my sudden decision deeply distressed my parents and mystified my friends. I said my "long farewells," and cast off from Liverpool in a C.P.R. liner, and fell into the ship's routine.

(The next article in this series will be published in the issue of May 16)

The NEW LONDON STAGE SHOWS

By PHILIP PAGE

THE new Hulbert-Courtneidge musical-comedy *Full Swing* is likely to take the place in this war of the Wimperis-Finck revues in the last, and to draw to the Palace Theatre for a long, long time all those who seek to forget their worries and troubles.

It runs "according to plan." That is to say, it has a plot closely resembling that of its predecessor, *Under Your Hat*, with Mr. Jack Hulbert getting mixed up with some dangerous foreign spy (played now by Mr. Keneth Kent, looking like Napoleon Bonaparte, instead of Mr. Frank Cellier), having an affair of sorts with a glamorous siren (Miss Nora Swinburne instead of Miss Leonora Corbett) and bringing down on himself the comic jealousy of his wife. When a successful policy is found why not stick to it, even down to the last detail? I think Mr. Hulbert, though a good comedian in his time and an excellent foil to female funniments, might change the bowling occasionally as regards his own performance. But Miss Courtneidge I have never known funnier. At her best in a supposedly-wicked supper scene in a private room in a restaurant, she raised peals of laughter throughout. Her make-up as an elderly typist with indescribably fat legs and puffy ankles caused joy to everyone except, I imagine, to those women, some of whom I saw in the interval, toddling about on legs just like them. Miss Gabrielle Brune, supported by a comely chorus, did the hot-cha stuff with plenty of grace and energy and had some quite extraordinarily ugly music to "sing."

Watch on the Rhine (Aldwych).—This very serious war play won an important prize in New York and, I think, deserved it. The author, Miss Lillian Hellman, has chosen a taut, grim, yet simple theme. Nothing much actually happens. But, as George Robey used to sing in very different circumstances, "What *is* there, is *good*." The scene is a country-house in America in 1940, and among the people we find there are a nice anti-Nazi German, with his family, and a nasty Rumanian, with his pretty wife. The German wants to go back to Germany to help the anti-Nazi movement there and eventually does so, but not before he has killed the nasty Rumanian, who thoroughly deserved his fate. But it is the talk, the general atmosphere and the perfect production which are important. And, of course, the immaculate acting of Mr. Anton Walbrook, Miss Diana Wynyard, Miss Athene Seyler, Miss Judy Campbell and Mr. Charles Goldiner.

HOW THE LIFE-SAVING RAFT IS CONSTRUCTED, how it is carried on the shrouds, and how it is launched—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

The LIFE-SAVING RAFTS of the BRITISH MERCHANT SERVICE

On every British merchant ship to-day, four of the new life-saving rafts depicted here are fitted as additions to the existing lifeboat equipment. These rafts are housed on the port and starboard shrouds of each mast. By the simple method of releasing a catch, the rafts fall into the sea by gravity, dropping down two slides which are fixed by a cradle to the shrouds out of the way of the deck gear.

Two hollow, watertight drums give them buoyancy, and they are designed to float either side up. The rafts are of various types, but all are made of wooden battens. Each contains water and provisions and some necessary instruments.

Already they have been the instrument whereby many lives have been saved at sea, when it has been impossible to launch the ordinary ship's boats. When a vessel goes down with the rafts still in position, these then float clear automatically—so that the crew stand a chance even when the sinking of the vessel is very swift. The pictures below show the new life-saving rafts actually in action recently

THE RAFT AS NOW CARRIED BY EVERY BRITISH MERCHANTMAN : Ready for instant launching from the after-deck of a vessel in "E-Boat Alley"

Four sailors whose ship was the victim of an Axis submarine in the Caribbean leave the two little rafts on which they lived for seven days to board a rescue vessel which later took them in to Philadelphia. Note the cases of provisions lashed to both craft

A rescue by trawler from a small raft far out in the Atlantic. The raft was first sighted by an aircraft of the R.A.F. Coastal Command (see notes at left)

On right—A Hudson aircraft of the Coastal Command, R.A.F., whilst on an anti-submarine patrol, sighted a raft far out in the Atlantic. The Hudson at once signalled its position, and early the following morning a Catalina flying-boat, also belonging to Coastal Command, was sent out. After a few hours' flying the raft was again sighted, and a trawler was directed to the spot. The flying-boat waited to see that the rescue was successfully carried out and then returned to its base. Two survivors were subsequently landed by the trawler in this country

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

TALES and MEMORIES from FOREIGN LANDS

Monica Dickens as a Probationer; A French Adventure Story; Cherry Kearton's Photographic Safaris; A Pre-war Paris "Detective"; Kathleen Wallace's Romantic Novel; George Sava's European Reminiscences; A Period-piece by Margaret Trouncer

HAVING in peacetime explored the rigours of life as a cook-general, Miss Monica Dickens on the outbreak of war could think of nothing less arduous to undertake than the work of a hospital nurse. The career of a V.A.D. didn't appeal to her, because, as she explains, "I had heard that V.A.D.s never got beyond the charing stage, and that however long they work in a hospital it doesn't count as any training if they want a nursing job after the war." Miss Dickens, as you will see, is not noticeably timid about starting controversies, and in that airy statement there seems to me to be the germ of a really good one.

ONE PAIR OF FEET (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is the record, written with humour, very feminine observation and a kind of youthfulness that has nothing of the naïve about it, of more than a year's experience as a probationer nurse in a country-town hospital. I am among the vast majority of those who think that the life of a hospital nurse is one of the most exacting and most exhausting in the world, and the author of this good-tempered journal has nothing to say that might change my views, though a good deal to support them.

The work is back-breaking, infinitely demanding and almost unending. There is a constant struggle to get the allotted work done in the time at one's command, which may explain one of the mysteries of hospital and nursing-home life—that inhuman business of rousing the patients practically in the middle of the night to prepare them for their breakfasts. Most patients will agree that, if they have been sleeping at all, it is between five and seven o'clock that their profoundest rest comes, and that is invariably disturbed by the falsely bright voice of a nurse spurring one to the effort of facing another day.

Well, now we know. And that knowledge should make us all feel less aggrieved in the future, I suppose, though I 'm still not quite sure.

Motor accidents, bombing casualties, hypochondriacs, old-age pensioners, babies and factory accidents were all in the range of the author's experience, and in spite of the dreaded interviews with the Matron—"You 'll never be a nurse, Nurse"—Miss Dickens appears to have reached a very creditable stage in her training by the time her last interview with the Matron took place, and to that astonished lady she announced with decorum, "Please, Ma'am, I want to go and make a tank."

What her experiences on the production line will be is a matter for conjecture, but we should all be grateful if they give her the material for a book half as entertaining or half as revealing as this.

In the Provençal spring of 1940 many strange things were happening, to people and to property, some of them possibly as strange as the events described by Mr. Stephen Lister in his new novel SUNSET OVER FRANCE (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.). For Mr. Lister knows his Côte des Maures, and knew it in those difficult days when distrust and uncertainty were like a slow poison that pervaded the whole breadth of the country's life, from the Government departments to the quayside fishermen, and made a background against which a tale of jewellery and banknotes smuggled out of the country by turncoats was not too difficult to believe.

The over-practical French girl, and the fatherly priest and the secret agent and the diamonds are all here, but more credible than these are the treacherous deputies and the time-serving police officers who speeded France's downfall and made her disintegration complete. Ostensibly, this is an adventure story, and as such it has its merits, but if the book is remembered it will be as a record of disillusion, by a man whose loyalty to France was second only to his allegiance to his own country.

Mr. Cherry Kearton was, I believe, the first man to hunt big game with a camera, and to start the vogue for that particularly humane form of sport. For forty years he has been travelling in search of animals and adventures, in Borneo, in India and in Africa, and CHERRY KEARTON'S TRAVELS (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) are his own reminiscences of this lifetime of amazing experience.

I confess that I went through the book first for the photographs, which, as can be imagined, are unique. The photograph of the charging rhinoceros—aggressive beasts, according to Mr. Kearton—needed no caption to impress me of its danger, and I can recommend a little study of the lion photographs, facing page 17, to anyone who might have considered that going on safari without a gun was tame sport. I have yet to work out just how Mr. Kearton got away with those two.

Of all the countries he has visited, the author's chief love remains Africa, and it is of Central Africa and the Congo that he tells his best stories, often making diversions into African history which I found particularly interesting, since they seemed to grow naturally from their context and to help one a little to understand the nature of that great continent. Mr. Kearton illustrates his theory that "nature did it first," from camouflage to smoke-screens, very neatly, and instances paper-making insects and parachuting squirrels as just two in a long list of examples of nature's ingenuity. He writes with simplicity and, as far as his own part in any exploit is concerned, with reserve, but it takes little imagination to fill in those spaces in the career of this extraordinary man.

THE LENIN MEMORIAL UNVEILED IN LONDON BY M. MAISKY: This has been erected, by the authority of the Finsbury Borough Council, in Holford Square, W.C.1, as a permanent and lasting tribute to the great International leader. The memorial is made of granite from Scotland, of the same geological stratum as that used in Leningrad for the embankment of the River Neva and in the construction of the Cathedral of St. Isaac. The bust is the first ever made of reinforced concrete; the architect was Mr. B. Lubetkin, who is also responsible for the Penguin Pool in the London Zoo and other buildings in England and France

AN ENTIRE ENGLISH VILLAGE IS ORDERED TO QUIT: In a village in Southern England all the villagers have received orders from the War Office to leave. Everyone—from the Oldest Inhabitant to the youngest—has to be out by May 15. Some of the sixty villagers have lived in their old flint cottages all their lives. In this picture, a workman is seen removing old and valuable tablets and memorials from the tiny village church for safe storage elsewhere

MOMENTARY STOPPAGE (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) would hardly be a good title even if it were translated back into its original French, and if one knew that it applied to the working of the lift which has such an important part in Mr. A. F. Grey's detective story. The plot itself, though, is more encouraging, and is set in a pre-war Paris, and in one of those apartment houses in which the *concierge* plays such a leading (and usually malevolent) role.

The *concierge* of this story, however, is a lady of rare virtues, kindly, discreet, even-tempered and only gifted with that degree of curiosity which enables her to solve the mystery of the stunned jeweller. That, as you can judge, makes her a jewel of her kind, and she certainly has more colour and reality than her lodgers, or *locataires*, who fall a little too neatly into their respective pigeon-holes of Lady with a Past, Man with a Future and Good Home Girl.

But there is a certain amount of originality which makes up for the lack of thrills (further illustrating my contention that what is missing in contemporary detective fiction is the chill down the spine), and it is still pleasant to read of an unshadowed Paris and a gay rue Royale.

I find it difficult to assess Miss Kathleen Wallace's SINGING TREE (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), which is a novel romantic to the point of suffocation. The theme is classic: Girl Loses Boy—Girl Wins Boy Back by selfless abnegation and a very pretty performance at the piano. Nor do I think I am in that carping minority who insist on realism and general grubbiness, but I recognise that its sentiment might have its escapist value, and that there is something neat and cosy about true love requited in the end.

When Mr. George Sava reminisces about Europe between two wars, and takes the reader with him through every capital as he does it, the result is an entertaining, unpredictable and occasionally exciting book. A TALE OF TEN CITIES (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.) starts in revolutionary Petrograd, whirls round Europe and ends in wartime London with a dissertation on Fascism, Nietzsche and America.

Mr. Sava is a Russian, and opens these memoirs, or, more exactly, this travel diary with one of those scenes beloved by Russian novelists, a long train journey during which every person in the compartment soon embroils himself in a profound political or religious discussion. In this case the conversation was chiefly of politics, with the young naval cadet Sava contributing little but, judging by this record, listening to everything with the memory of an inspired reporter.

From Petrograd to Ankara, in Kemal Pasha's early days, was Mr. Sava's next step, and in this connection he writes of the emancipation of Turkish women and of an extraordinary Englishwoman who, with a thousand children she was protecting, was finally murdered in Smyrna. Turkey to Italy, Italy to Bulgaria, where, rather carelessly, he got involved with some bomb-throwing revolutionaries, Sofia to Paris; those are the next stages of Mr. Sava's journeys-in-reminiscence.

Paris, which means a thousand things to a thousand people, for the author's purposes means the period immediately after the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia, a time spent by Mr. Sava trying to prove to the French authorities that Stoyan Milanovitch, a Serb patriot, was not certifiable and should be sent back to his own country. This is a chapter of intrigue (the author's strongest subject) and fighting and terror, and is one of the best in the book.

He has a strange story of The Lupescu in Bucharest, as strange a one of a possible Hitler in Berlin, discusses the League and Haile Selassie in Geneva and a beautiful revolutionary in Madrid, and winds up in London with the more sober aspects of Britain's foreign policy. It is a whirlwind of a book, from which the reader emerges with the deep conviction that where Mr. Sava is things are bound to happen.

There is a fairy-tale atmosphere but, at the risk of being contradictory, no sentimentality about Mrs. Margaret Trouncer's novel WHY SO PALE? (Cassell. 7s. 6d.) which, against a background of Second Empire France and later the Franco-Prussian War, traces an enchanting love-story of an innocent girl and a gay Spaniard, no more real and no less fragile than the painting on a silk fan.

It is, in fact, the background, rather than the story, which gives this book its charm, with the descriptions of country-house life at that time, and the pictures of court life with the Empress sinking in her famous curtsy (a miracle of grace achieved through lessons from the actress Rachel). The writer knows her period well, and has the ability to convey at least the more pictorial side of it.

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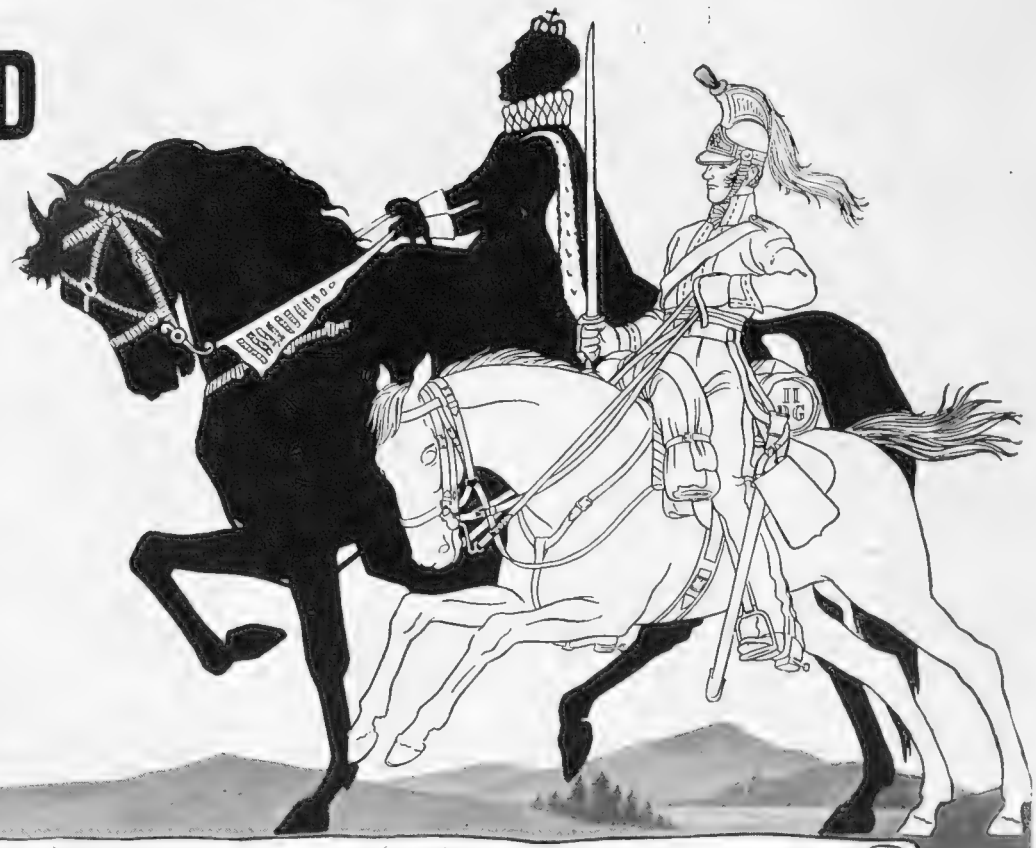

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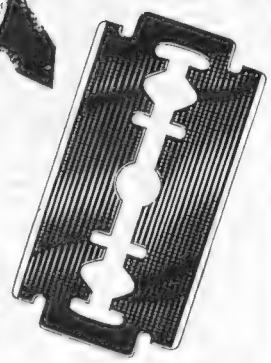

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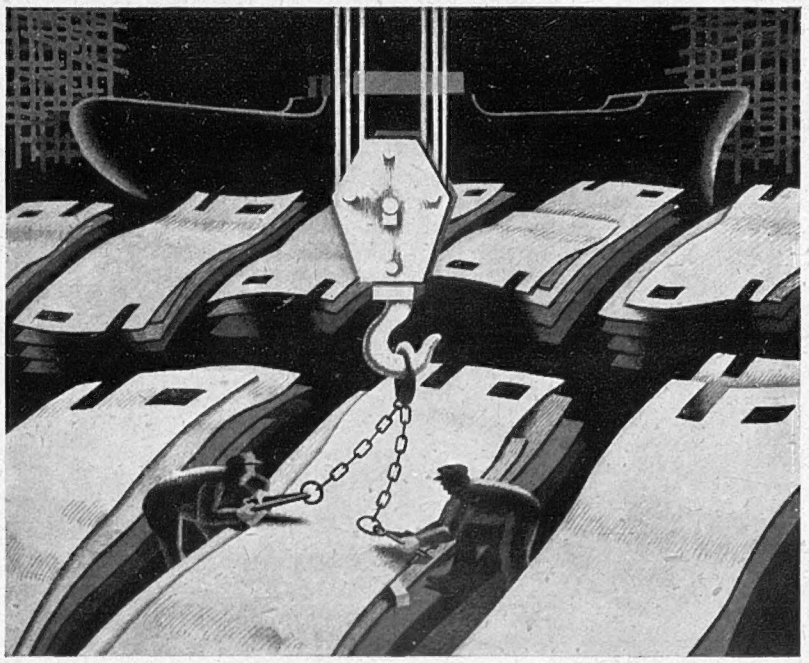

COLD STEEL

STEEL. The skeleton which supports the structure of modern civilization : the material without which modern war could not be fought. The metal in the production of which Great Britain was the pioneer and is still pre-eminent — witness the world-wide fame of the name Sheffield, and such modern British triumphs as the development of manganese and stainless steels. This pre-eminence is in large part owed to the work of the British chemist, for steel more than any other metal is the result of close liaison between the foundry and the laboratory. Its manufacture is a matter as precise as the dispensing of a medicine prescription. It is the chemist who evolves the formula, analyses the product during the making and tests the finished article. No more than a dozen years ago British research perfected a method of improving the quality of steel by purifying pig-iron. Alike for needle and anchor, for the myriad uses of the parent metal and its countless family of alloys, steel is compounded by the chemist. Nor is the chemistry of iron and steel limited to the metal itself, but extends to its by-products and to the by-products of these by-products. In a sense the output of the blast-furnace is pig-iron. By virtue of the chemist the blast-furnace also yields fertilizers, cement, valuable oils and tar : and from tar, eventually organic chemicals, including dyes and medicinal products. It is the chemist's privilege not only to ensure that British steel shall continue to lead the world, but to ensure that the transmutation of the raw material shall at every stage render its full quota for the common good.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LTD.

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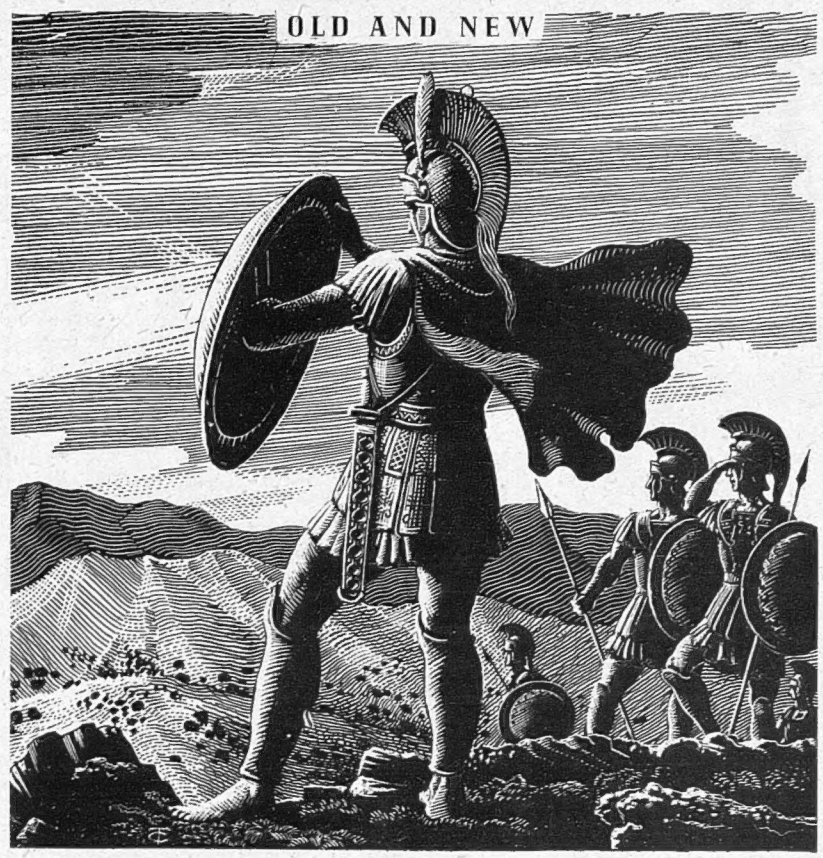
COMMUNICATIONS

OLD AND NEW



SENDING A HELIOGRAM

WHEN the modern child plays the practical joke of dazzling one with the reflection of the sun's rays, flashed across space by means of a mirror, he is repeating an act that led to the invention of the heliograph thousands of years ago.

The Dot and Dash

This method of communication certainly goes back as far as the wars of the Greeks and Persians, when soldiers flashed their shields in the sun to send vital messages by a simple, pre-arranged code. By the use of short and long flashes the modern heliograph sends messages in the dot and dash of Morse. During the Boer War this method was in frequent use, and even to-day it is sometimes used in the sunny countries, where it will transmit a message across a hundred miles.

Bonds of Empire

When we talk of 'flashing the news' to-day, we think not of heliograms but of messages flashed across the world by cable and wireless. Communications, always the mainspring of commerce and the pendulum of politics, reflect some of the greatest scientific developments of our time. Thanks to Cable and Wireless Ltd., through whose unsleeping service messages are flashed inexpensively by day or night to the remotest corners of the world, distance no longer separates the peoples of our Empire. They are united by a system of communications that has defeated time and space.

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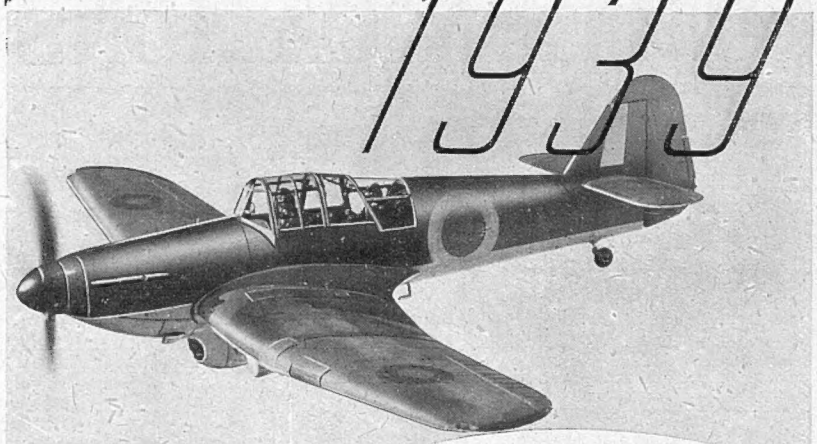
6

Milestones . . 1939



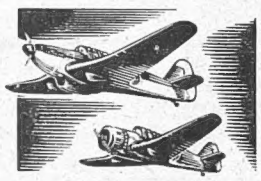
MILES 'MASTER'

"Monoplane Pilots need Monoplane Training"

NO history of Miles Aircraft would be complete without reference to the now-famous Miles Master.

The Master was designed on the idea that the Trainers of the R.A.F. should be as advanced as the operational aeroplanes of the Hurricane and Spitfire class and have equal characteristics. It was a two-seat tandem low-wing cantilever monoplane, with a Rolls-Royce Kestrel engine, and was as fast as the single-seat biplane fighters of 1935, many of which were still then in service. Every fighter pilot in the R.A.F. now receives initiation into fighter tactics in a Master. He goes from initial to operational school with the confidence that comes of being familiar with the class of aeroplane he will fly in combat. Even the American Eagle Squadron—experienced flying men all—flew Masters before Hurricanes and their tribute to the trainers was high. In this small measure, credit which the designers would be loth to claim, the Master has thus contributed to the acknowledged superiority of Britain's fighting men in the air.

Over the remaining years between 1939 and now we must draw a discreet veil. And for the future, what can we say?—except that Miles Aircraft will be there with Wings for the World's air-minded in the form that best suits the needs of the great To-morrow that will dawn with Peace . . . . . .



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"Eclipse" Blades (now made only in the popular slotted pattern) are not easily obtainable nowadays, but perseverance is amply rewarded in clean and comfortable shaving. The best results are obtained with an "Eclipse" Razor—3/3 and 5/6, including Purchase Tax.

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A RIVERSIDE RETREAT FOR THE BUSINESS MAN.

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A residential hotel providing safety and satisfaction, within ½-hr. of West End. Phone—CROydon 2641, arrange to view the 40 rooms, the 6 acres, the wealth of garden produce. Occasional vacancies from 4 gns. Frequent trains to East Croydon.

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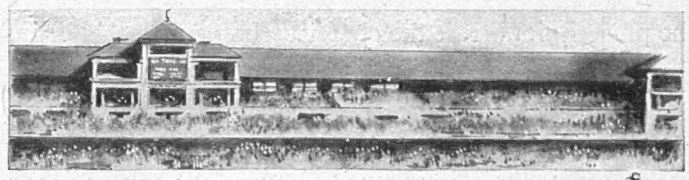
There are occasional bedroom vacancies and always a chance of good food and good wine if you will but 'phone beforehand Windsor 1354. Luncheons 4s. 6d. to 6s. Dinners 6s. to 7s. 6d.



A DRIVE THROUGH THE COVERS . . .

WHEN Peace once more settles over this land of ours, we shall again enjoy the lazy thrill of a sunny day's cricket at Lords. That wonderful wicket will be ready for use, trimmed to perfection by loving hands and Shanks Mowers.

Take care of your Shanks Mower, for it is impossible to obtain another during the War. A faithful, tireless servant, it will always do its part if you do yours.

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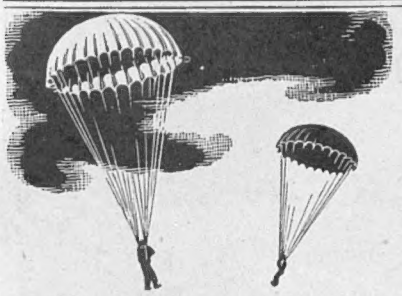
CARTONS 1/6 ★ LOOSE 1/4 per lb.

Made by Peek Frean & Co. Ltd. *Makers of famous biscuits*

SAUCEPANS MADE SPITFIRES—OLD BOOKS MAKE SHELL CASES. TURN THEM OUT NOW—THE NEED IS URGENT!



There is an enemy already within our midst!

An enemy that cannot be seen . . . that works insidiously—striking down the rich and the poor—the famous and the lesser known—killing over 70,000 every year. This enemy is CANCER. Our small army is continually fighting against this dread disease . . . helping the countless thousands of sufferers . . . tirelessly carrying on research to reduce the annual toll of 70,000 deaths. But money—more money—is needed to maintain this Crusade.

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